

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

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Rimes to Be Read

By

Edmund Vance Cooke

Author of "Chronicles of the Little Tot."

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Dodge Publishing Company

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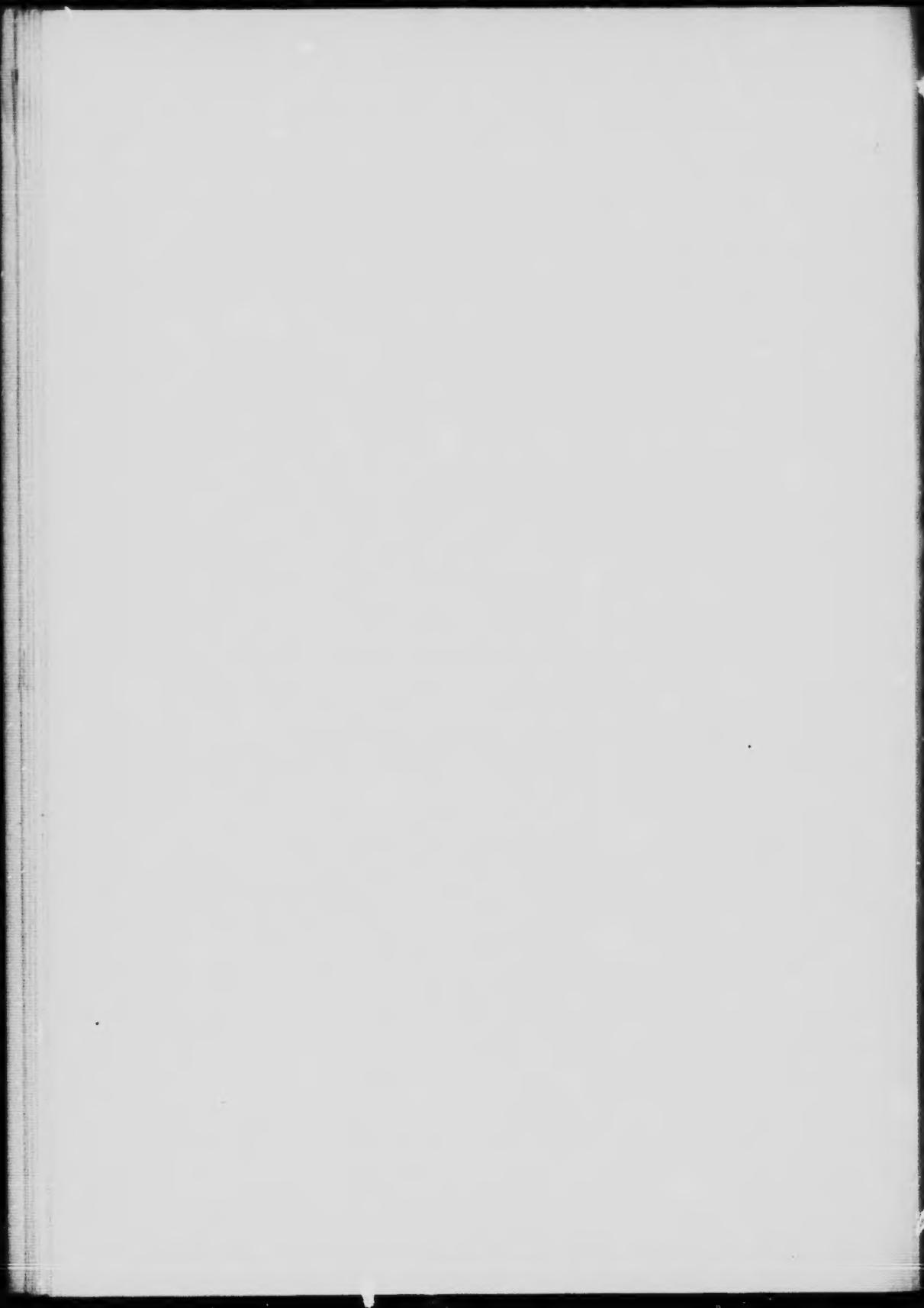
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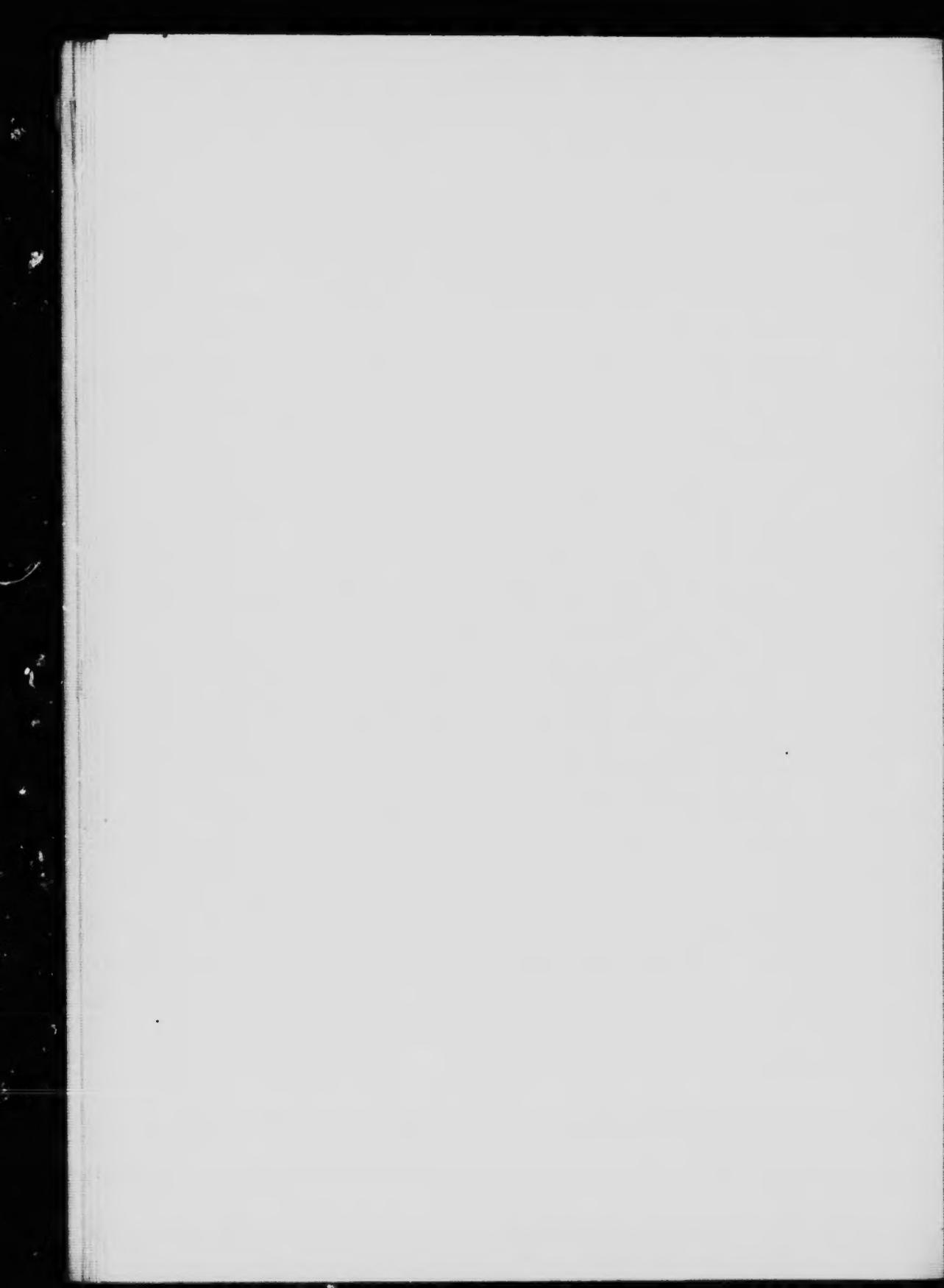
THE author takes pleasure in expressing his obligations to the "New York Sun," "Cleveland Press," "Chicago Record-Herald," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," "Journal of Education," "Saturday Evening Post," "What-to-Eat," "New York Herald," "Truth," "Metropolitan Magazine," "Puck," "New York Clipper," "The Delineator," "Lippincott's," "Smart Set," "Munsey's" and the papers of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which various publications first presented most of these verses in print.

In the present volume, an even half of the titles appeared in the former editions of the book, four of them are from "A Patch of Pansies," and twenty-six of them have never before been between covers.

E. V. C.

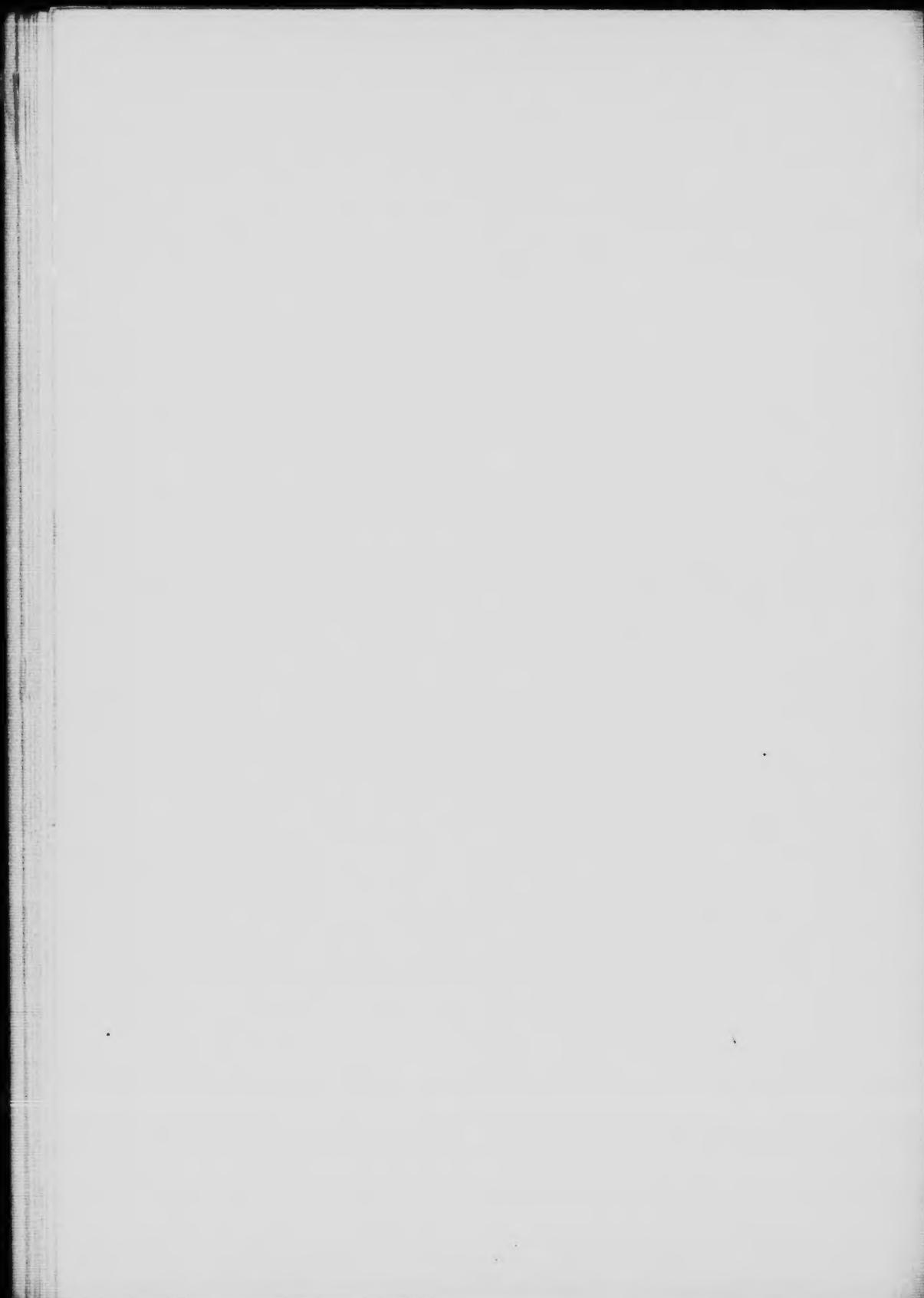


**THESE
"RIMES TO BE READ,"
are inscribed to their readers,
public or private.**



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PROEM.

"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

FOLKS are often glad to meet other folks, you know,
But they sometimes falter when it comes to saying so;
Or they say, "I'm glad t' see y'," O, so curt and low
That you wonder just how far their gladsome feelings go.

Say "I'm glad to see you," when you mean it. Speak it out;
Don't bite off a piece of it and leave the rest in doubt.
Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most about.

It doesn't take an orator to say the sentence right;
It doesn't need much rhetoric to make you feel its might;
It has a hundred hundred tongues which tell its meaning quite.

You feel it when you're going home and catch the window light,
You see it in a sweetheart's smile, flashing warm and bright,

PROEM.

'Tis in a mother's morning kiss and in the last at
night,
And baby's little reaching arms express the same
delight.

"Glad to see you!" O, you friends of dead yesterday,
Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away;
Could we tell it into ears which mingle now with
clay,
We might gain that fuller meaning which the simple
words convey.

Say, "I'm glad to see you," then, to those who still
are here.
Say it with that meaning which is music to the ear.
More than simply say it; words are cheap, but deeds
are dear;
And men will say it back to you and make their
meaning clear.

Tales, Grave and Gay.



RIMES TO BE READ.

THE STORY OF OLD GLORY.

I TELL a tale which is not new,
But, O, as long as truth is true,
As long as Freedom sets the pace
Of progress for the human race,
As long as it is our intent
That All shall be the Government,
As long as Rights of Man shall be
The heritage of you and me
As long as unslaved thought is dear,
So long will all men pause to hear,
The story of Old Glory.

In seventeen seventy-six its red
First from the rising sun is shed;
In seventeen seventy-six its white
First blends along the gladdened light;
Its thirteen starry gems of heaven
Flash forth in loyal seventy-seven.
O, not of warp and woof and dye
Is born that banner of the sky!
It forms from out the heart and brain
Of Patrick Henry, Franklin, Paine!
It floats out proud and high and free
In souls of Otis, Adams, Lee!
Of Quincy, Sherman, Jefferson!
Of Hancock, Warren, Washington!
And so in valor is begun

The story of Old Glory.

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RIMES TO BE READ.

Then Gage, Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne
And Heusians hired by British coin;
Cornwallis, with his lordly crest,
Rhal, Tai .on, Parker and the rest,
Strive hard to blot that flag from sight.
But, armored in their sense of right,
Come Putnam, Prescott, Allen, Stark,
Men of a strong and sturdy mark;
Come Ward, Montgomery, Schuyler, Greene,
And all the list which lies between,
From Marion to LaFayette.
Right gallantly the foe is met!
They make the flag acknowledged free,
For kingcraft's rule is not to be
The story of Old Glory.

In times of war or times of peace,
Its marches onward never cease.
'Tis borne by Clark and Lewis on
To far-off shores of Oregon.
It floats on Fulton's boat, which steam
First forces up against the stream
And see! how on the air it rides
In triumph o'er Old Ironsides.
'Tis borne by Perry on the Lakes
And proud defiance bravely shakes
From Tripoli to Mexico!
Not always right, too well we know,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But all the more, then, must we care
That no oppression more shall share
The story of Old Glory.

Then comes the time its own stern sons
Turn on it their revolted guns.
But though Lee musters gallant horde,
With Jackson's swift and sudden sword,
With Johnston's cool and cunning skill,
With Bragg and Longstreet's strenuous will;
Though Morgan makes audacious dash,
Though Stuart seems the lightning flash,
Though Hood's impetuous men are hurled
And Pickett's charge astounds the world,
Yet—Grant and Appomattox come,
And stifled is the warlike drum.
Even in the hour when loyal Grief
Moans by the body of The Chief,
The monster, Civil Hate, is slain:
State clasps the hand of State again,
And, from the rock-bound coasts of Maine
To every sunlit Texan plain,
There echoes back but one refrain;—
The story of Old Glory.

Still floats the flag! Its stars increase
Through the triumphant times of peace.
Still floats the flag—in 'seventy-six,
When all the nations intermix

RIMES TO BE READ.

In honor of our liberty.
Still floats the flag in 'ninety-three,
When mankind comes from earth and sea
To that Dream City of the West,
Where Art and Marvel greet the guest.
Still floats the flag in 'ninety-eight
To free the serfs of Spanish hate,
And, gladdened by the smiling May,
From Cuba floats the flag away!
More honored with its proud folds furled,
And faith redeemed before the world,
Than tho' it floated wide and far
In hideous, tho' successful, war.
And is our honor less of worth
In other islands of the earth?
Nay! this our motto! We are strong,
And strength's best use is righting wrong.
So be it told in speech and song!—

The story of Old Glory.

I know that we are told its red
Is of the blood its heroes shed,
Its white the smoke of battle air,
Its blue the garb its soldiers wear;
But O, believe not that its stars
Are only bursting shells of wars!
Believe not that its red and white
But symbolize the stripes which smite!
Nay, rather think those stars are eyes,
Eternal, godlike, of the skies;

(18)

RIMES TO BE READ.

Its red the flame of loyalty,
Its white the badge of purity,
Its blue the blue of Freedom's sky—
And then we know shall never die
The story of Old Glory.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE ANARCHIST.

YES, Wallace Wright was an anarchist. Nay,
sir, hold back your blame;
And pause, O woman of high degree, before you cry
his shame;
And you, fair maid with the spotless soul, shrink not
before his name.

But why for Anarchy? Would he turn the world
from its ways of work?
Would he make the scholar a millman, or the un-
taught ditcher clerk?
Did he covet the honest spoil of toil, himself con-
tent to shirk?

Listen and know. I think not so, and yet it well
might be,
With a boyhood spent at a working bench instead
of a mother's knee;
With ten hours toiling daily a pittance, year by
year,
For children are many and cheap, my friends, and
dollars scarce and dear.

Yet he did not coarsen in mind or heart, that kin or
comrades saw,
But he worked, he thrived, matured and wived, and
still he believed in law.

RIMES TO BE READ.

*Her softest wish was a law to him, and sweet was
the hard-won bread,
And the steadiest man in all the shops was Wallace
Wright, they said.*

*But the times grew hard and the wage was cut, and
amid the ensuing strife
The first black shadow of Anarchy came into our
workman's life,
For his bench-mate there, in the shop, was one from
the far-off Volga's side,
Who had seen his sister dragged to shame and his
father scourged till he died,
Who had seen his mother go raving mad, had seen
it all dry-eyed,
And then he had sworn such an oath of oaths that
the depths of hell replied.*

*And Wallace was stirred by the Russian and hon-
estly shared his grief,
But would not hear of the Red Reform, with its
promise of swift relief—
Relief from the grinding greed of man, from the
wrongs of class and state,
Relief from a hundred things he saw, with the fer-
vor of honest hate.
Yes, he knew his own and his fellows' wrongs, and
his very soul grew sore,
But what of that? It was all forgot when he entered
his cottage door.*

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then the times waxed worse and they let men go,
and Wallace among the rest.
Discharged for his long, hard service! for it made
his wage the best,
And the high must go to retain the low, when price
is the crucial test.
No work! 'tis a thought to rebuke the heart for its
dance within the breast.
No, not for you who read 'his word and think of a
thousand friends,
Nor you with a dozen talents, all pat on your
fingers' ends,
But for him who knows but to do one thing, and
who earns no more than he spends,
Work, constant work, is the needful thing on which
his life depends.

Then the Russian came.

"Are you ready now to mingle with Free-
dom's set?"
But Wallace had only gravely smiled and had shaken
his head: "Not yet."
Then day by day he sought for work. Do you un-
derstand? He sought,
As no man ever sought gold or fame, *for toil*—and
he found it not.

RIMES TO BE READ.

The quick, curt word, the rough rebuff, the careless
sign of the head,
Were his till his face was sharp with care and his
heavy heart like lead.

And every night when he sought his home, with an
aching, haunting dread,
His wife looked up. She spoke no word, but mourn-
fully drooped her head
To hide the fear of her mother-heart, the fear that
would not be gone;
The fear for the babe unborn, whom want already
laid clutches on.

Then there came a day when they had to face the
terrible word, "Vacate!"
The owner was "Sorry of course, but then, that
didn't keep the estate."

And the Russian came.

"Are you ready, Wright?" "Not yet!" he
gasped, "not yet!
I have still my wife and hope and life! and there
must be work to get."

A wretched hovel received them. They struggled
from bad to worse,
Till death seemed only happiness and life was the
greater curse.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And then she sickened; her life ebbed, ebbed, and
nevermore turned its tide,
And Wallace had only wildly prayed that he might
be laid at her side,
For he knew she had died from cruel want, in a
fruitful, generous earth;
And the quiet babe at her side, he knew, was
starved before its birth.

And the Russian came.

"Well, Wallace Wright, are you still content
with life?
You talked to me of Society's claim, and Society
killed your wife.
Society grinds and kills us all, and you will not
make it rue it.
You talked to me of your God, and He—He let So-
ciety do it."
Can you blame the man, who, in wild despair,
pressed lips to the lips of his dead
And arose and looked at the Russian? "Lead on!
I will go," he said.

* * * * *

A month had passed and the Red Reform to which
he had joined his fate
Had issued its edict against a man who had earned
its cruel hate—

RIMES TO BE READ.

Who had earned its hate, for his wealth was used to
 oppress and not to raise;
And the sterner the bargain in flesh and blood, the
 more was his own self-praise.

And hence the decree of the Red Reform, with fifty
 men in the plot,
Where forty and nine had voted "Kill!" and one
 had voted not.

That one you know, yet his name was first to be
 drawn in the fateful lot,
And his Russian friend was the second, so the Red
 Reform decreed
"That the monster yield his life to man, and that
 these two do the deed."

* * * * *

'Twas the fated day—a holiday—and the noisy
 throng poured out,
Full-fed with the chaff of cheers and jeers, of the
 sounding laugh and shout,
In that strange way that a world is gay, all heedless
 of what about.

Then down the street came the day's event, the glit-
 tering grand parade,
And Wallace knew that the man they sought was
 one of the cavalcade.
That man was the man for whom his brow had
 sweat with the wet of years,
Who had drained his life of hope and joy and left
 there want and tears,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Who had taken work from his hand when work was
another name for life,
Who had taken his home from his head—from hers
—who had killed, yes, *killed* his wife.
Half dazed, half crazed, stood Wallace Wright, with
the single thought in his head
That the life of this man of plenty would pay for
his stricken dead.

Then the Russian said: "When the carriage comes
to the crossing just below,
You spring and seize the horses' heads and I will
deal the blow;
Then shout: 'This much for the Red Reform!' but
if I should chance to miss,
As soon as I'm clear of the carriage you finish the
work with this."

And The Deed came near and nearer, when, close
at his side, a child
Cried out her baby greeting, and the doomed man
looked and smiled
And flur^g from his glove a kiss, as of love unselfish
and undefiled.

Lo! the purpose of Wallace vanished, like the dark
before the sun,
At the love in the wee child's laughter and the
thought if The Deed were done

RIMES TO BE READ.

How she would be robbed as he had been and the
sweet face marred with grief,
How a hate would fill the little soul for him, who
had been the thief.

Yet there was his friend, the Russian, no cause
should make betray;
And there was the man who had wronged him, who
blighted the summer day.
A moment of wavering anguish, a moment of doubt
and dread,
Then, disregarding the passing steeds, he sprang for
his friend instead.
But the terrible knife was naked; it glittered, it
rose, it sank,
But it did not find its target; 'twas Wallace's blood
it drank,
While the crowd closed in on the Russian, who
fought them front and flank.
With curses and cries and blows they closed;
Wright madly strove to save him;
Was seized, was bound, and on him they found the
bomb that the Russian gave him.

The rest is simply, quickly told. They scented the
deeper plot
And offered Wallace a pardon's bribe, but he an-
swered them, "For what?"

RIMES TO BE READ.

Do you think I would bring another here to ease or
share my lot?
Betray a friend for a pardon? For a thousand I
would not,
Though you keep me here in prison walls till they
or I shall rot!"
So they juried and judged him guilty and gave him
the law's extent,
And all of his wrongs re-woke in him and his inmost
soul was rent,
Yet he smiled to the Russian a sad "Good-by," as
into his cell he went.

He did not hear the confession that the other's
tongue poured out,
As, with calm and clear conciseness which the list-
eners could not doubt,
He told the story of Wallace: how the workshop
thrust him out;
Of all the bitter battle; of how it had come about
He had cast his lot with the Red Reform; how,
alone, he plead for life
For the .n the clan had sworn should die; and at
last he had stopped the knife
With his own rag-covered bosom; how he even
then proved true
To him who had pierced his body, though with un-
intent, God knew!

RIMES TO BE READ.

"And this is the man," said the Russian, "you have
dared to condemn—you, you—
By the Lord! no soul in all the whole of your Mam-
mon-serving crew
Should think it other than honor to latch that hero's
shoe!"

And then they remembered his boyhood days, re-
membered his manhood shown
In a hundred kindly, simple acts amongst people he
had known,
Remembered the Russian's story, yes, even a trifle
more;
Why, even the man whose life he saved, said, "He
wasn't bad, at the core!"
So the Governor sent a pardon and they opened his
grated door
And found him as dead as the pitiless stone which
formed his prison floor.

They said that his wound had bled within. I doubt
it not. Ah me!
There's many a wound which bleeds within we
haven't the trick to see.
But they said that his face wore a smile of grace.
Was it joy to escape from earth?
Or was it for wife—and that little one, which had
starved before its birth?

RIMES TO BE READ.

CONNOR McCARTHY.

A H, gud marnin', sir, 'dade and I'm hearty
and glad that the weather is fine.
Sure it isn't ould Connor McCarthy that's goin' to
mope and to whine
Because he can't make the world over. Yes, sir,
that's me bit of a place.
Sure I love every leaf on the clover and know
every buttercup's face.

"Dan says its a toomble-down shanty, and not fit to
live in, says Lou;
So they're payin' me board. They have planty and
both of 'em free wid it, too.
And I'm takin' me sup where they bid me, but most
of the time I'll be found
Right here, where there's nobody wid me—or no-
body still on the ground.

"Of course it's an ould fellow's notion, and yet I'm
half thinkin' it's true
That the girl I brought over the ocean is a-doin' her
waitin' here, too.
The childer see no cause fer sorrow and say I'm
a-weakenin' fast,
But young people live fer to-morrow, while ould
people live fer the past.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"The girl I brought over was Mary—my Mary,
God's peace to her soul!

And never a word went contrary and never a heart-
ache but stole

Straight back to the land it was born in, afraid of
the peace in her eyes,

Eyes soft as the stars of the mornin' and blue wid
the blue of the skies.

"And never a worriment found me, but Mary's kiss
laid it to rest.

And whin her two arms went around me, I held all
the world to me breast!

You smile because I'm revealin' what most of
us : But it's true,

And surel ... know that same feelin', or else—
well, God's mercy on you!

"I loved her. I envied her shadow because it could
lay at her feet,

While I, wid the stock in the m'adow or down in
the corn and the wheat,

Was workin' fer bread fer the darlin'. And she was
as jealously warm

And vowed she was often fer quarrelin' wid the coat
that was touchin' me arm.

"And so we lived on here together, as happy as
chil'der at play,

Till Danny was born, sir, and whether I blessed or
regretted the day

RIMES TO BE READ.

I couldn't have told at your biddin'. I loved the wee
broth of a boy
As he lay there, all swaddled and hidden—ten
pounds, sir, of genuine joy!

"And yet even joy goes contrary and has a best side
and a worst,
Fer soon I was second to Mary and Danny the baby
was first.
What! jealous, you say, of a baby? That baby me
own blood and bone?
You call me a fool, sir, but maybe your love never
burned like me own.

"I was jealous; I know it; I knew it. But never a
word did I say,
But loved wife and baby all through it, and worked
fer them day after day.
But O, things had changed. Why, the garden had
lost half its green to me sight.
I felt 'most like askin' God's pardon fer bringin'
such stuff to 'e light.

"The long-legged calf and the cow there; the new,
nakid lamb in the field,
The shaggy, ould horse in the plow there; the corn
wid its promisin' yield
Were yesterday pictures of beauty. The commonest
rail in the fence
Seemed proud to be doin' its duty, but now 'twas
all dollars and cents.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Ah, sad is the day that must borrow its light from a
day of the past,
And sad when you turn from to-morrow to a yester-
day never to last.

"Then 'came baby Lucy, a-makin' a change I don't
yet understand,
But all the delight Dan had taken came back in her
wee, baby hand.
Ah, she was my bit of a fairy! Me soul warmed
again in me breast.
I was fonder of her than of Mary, an' she learned
to love me the best,
And would turn from her mother's own ab ulder
and cry to be taken by me,
And somehow that made Mary colder, but I never
noticed, you see,

"For I was that taken wid Lucy. The color came
back to the sky;
The sun seemed to shine wid a use he had almost
forgotten to try,
The use, sir, of warmin' a fellow, the inside as well
as the out,
Of spendin' his glorious yellow to buy us from
worry and doubt
And all oi that foolish complainin' the happiest folks
seem possessed
Forever to be entertainin', like Mary and me, wid
the rest.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"You might not have thought, had you seen us, each
 one wid a child to the heart,
Those babies had come in between us and were
 pushing us farther apart.
Though both of us keenly could feel it, we let it run
 on to the worst;
The years failed to stop it or heal it, and one day
 the awful storm burst.

"When married folks keep on a-livin', each holdin'
 some things from the light,
They both must do lots of forgivin' before matters
 settle down right.
And Mary was little on meekness and I—I could
 hardly be bent,
And both counted kindness a weakness; and so she
 took Danny—and went.
You've heard that she went wid another. A lie! on
 me soul, 'tis a lie!
And yet, sir, in some way or other, you've heard—
 but of that by and by.

"Bit by bit, sir, I sold every acre, exceptin' this lot
 that you see,
A-tryin' to find her and make her take money
 enough to be free
From poverty's pinch, till one marnin' (it still sets
 me heart beatin' hard)
Widout the least bit of a warnin' I saw a lad run up
 me yard.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And open the door. It was Danny! The rascal had
grown full a head!
Ah, but I was as soft as a granny and hugged him
and kissed him and said,
'Your mother, Dan? Quick, don't torment me wid
waitin',' and then
He gave me the letter she sent me. I mind every
scratch of the pen.

"Dear Connor: I send you me jewel. I've kept him
as long as I could,
But now, though it's horribly cruel and hurts me,
it's all for his good.
I'm not fit to raise him, so, Connor, you make him
the man he should be.
Forgive his poor mother's dishonor and kiss little
Lucy for me."

"That was all. But O, Father in Heaven! the words
seemed to burn in me brain
And everything else there was driven away by their
terrible pain.
'Dishonor!' No more a pure woman, nevermore wid
a right to the name.
The highest of everything human? I cried like a
ch'il'd wid the shame.
And then I determined to reach her, to find her and
help her to live,
To give her a chance and to teach her that God, yes,
and I—could forgive.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Then came every friend and relation, wid, 'Connor,
it never will do.'

'The childer,' they said, 'Reputation,' and 'Just at
their time of life, too.'

And so, for the son and the daughter, I gave up the
mother and wife,

But O, it was hard, hard to blot her quite out of me
heart and me life.

"The childer grew up. Lucy married, position and
money and all.

Dan made his way easy and carried the town for
recorder last fall.

'Last fall.' Yes, last fall in September, I heard
from me Mary. She sent

And begged me to come, to remember the dear,
early days we had spent

As husband and wife and to hasten, to come widout
losin' a day.

My! my! how me ould legs went racin' to Danny
and Lucy, but they,

They said, 'Send her money, but, father, you can't
carry out all yer plan.'

Don't let her come back, for we'd rather let bygones
be dead, when we can.'

"Send money.' God's mercy! what's money when
souls are a-starvin' to death?

Dan said if the campaign were done he wouldn't
have hindered a breath,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But now— Ah, 'but now,' the same reason that always was ready to tell—
'But now!' Was there never a season when mercy was free from its spell?

"I went to me Mary. I found her that sick that me heart nearly broke.
She died, but my arms were around her. My name was the last word she spoke.
She always had loved me, and better than that, she had always been pure.
The terrible words of her letter were not what we fancied, for sure,
Her heart was that true to her Connor, her conscience so tender, you see,
Her leavin' her home seemed dishonor and so she had called it to me.

"I hope you don't mind my relatin' me story. It's nothin', but I,
I lived it, you see. Now I'm waitin', yes, waitin', contented, to die.
I've got no reproach for the livin'. I've nothin' but love for the dead,
I hope me own past is forgiven, and as for what's comin' ahead,
Who can tell? Maybe joy, maybe sorrow, but surely there's some place, at last,
Where old people live for to-morrow, as well as look into the past."

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE YOUNG MAN WAITED.

IN the room below the young man sat,
With an anxious face and a white cravat,
A throbbing heart and a silken hat,
And various other things like that,
Which he had accumulated.
And the maid of his heart was up above,
Surrounded by hat and gown and glove,
And a thousand things which women love,
But no man knoweth the names thereof—
And the young man sat and—waited.

You will scarce believe the things I tell,
But the truth thereof I know full well,
Though how may not be stated;
But I swear to you that the maiden took
A sort of a half-breed, thin stove-hook
And heated it well in the gaslight there
And thrust it into her head, or hair!
Then she took a something off the bed,
And hooked it onto her hair, or head,
And piled it high, and piled it higher,
And drove it home with staples of wire!
And the young man anxiously—waited.

Then she took a thing she called "a puff,"
And some very peculiar, whitish stuff,
And using about a half a peck,
She spread it over her face and neck,

RIMES TO BE READ.

(Deceit was a thing she hated!)
And she looked as fair as a lilyed bower,
(Or a pound of lard, or a sack of flour)
And the young man wearily—waited.

Then she took a garment of awful shape,
And it wasn't a waist, nor yet a cape;
But it looked like a piece of ancient mail,
Or an instrument from a Russian jail,
And then with a fearful groan and gasp,
She squeezed herself in its deathly clasp—
So fair and yet so fated!
And then with a move like I don't know what,
She tied it on with a double knot;
And the young man woefully—waited.

Then she put on a dozen different things,
A mixture of buttons and hooks and strings,
Till she strongly resembled a notion store;
Then taking some seventeen pins, or more,
She thrust them between her ruby lips,
Then stuck them around from waist to hips,
And never once hesitated.
And the maiden didn't know perhaps,
That the man below had had seven naps,
And that now he sleepily—waited.

And then she tried to put on her hat.
Ah me, a trying ordeal was that!
She tipped it high and she tried it low,
But every way that the thing would go

RIMES TO BE READ.

Only made her more agitated.
It wouldn't go straight and it caught her hair,
And she wished she could hire a man to swear,
 But alas! the only man lingering there
Was the man who wildly—waited.

Then a little dab here and a wee pat there,
And a touch or two to her hindmost hair,
Then around the room with the utmost care
 She thoughtfully circulated.
Then she seized her gloves and a chamois skin,
Some breath perfume and a long stick pin,
A bon-bon box and a cloak and some
 Eau de cologne and chewing gum,
Her opera glass and a sealskin muff,
A fan and a heap of other stuff;
Then she hurried down, but ere she spoke,
Something about the maiden broke,
So she scurried back to the winding stair,
And the young man looked in wild despair,
 And then he—evaporated!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

(Worked Over in Easy-Going Verse.)

IN Ancient Greece, long time ago, a man was born
—or, maybe,
I ought to say a god was born—or, better yet, a
baby.
His father's name was Jupiter; Alcmena was his
mother,
Who vowed he was "the sweetest pet," and "never
such another!"
But Juno, wife of Jupiter, pretended not to know it;
She didn't like young Hercules, and straightway
sought to show it.
She sent two horrid, monstrous snakes, to eat him
in his cradle,
Which reptiles found him sitting eating sugar with a
ladle.
They smiled to see how sweet he'd be, but lo! the
boy gave battle:
He killed them both and used their tails to make a
baby-rattle.
Then Juno let him thrive in peace; but, after he was
GROWN,
He found that she had kept him from a kingdom and
a throne.
Eurystheus obtained these plums, but night and day
was haunted
By tales of mighty Hercules—the hero and un-
daunted!

RIMES TO BE READ.

So, after some deep thinking, Eurystheus planned to
send him
To do a dozen labors, any one of which might end
him.

LABOR I.

The Nemean lion, accustomed to ravage
The country around, being voted too savage,
Our hero was sent to remove him from earth,
With no arms, save the two that he had at his birth.
Brave Hercules blocks up one hole of the den
And enters the other. A silence, and then
Comes a growl, and a roar and a rush, and a shock—
Like waves in the tempest they struggle and rock,
Till Hercules wins the renowned "strangle lock,"
And the lion goes down like a log or a post,
Repents of his sins, and is only a ghost.

LABOR II.

There lived at that epoch, according to story,
A terrible monster, whose principal glory
Consisted of heads, which a strict inventory
Declared to be nine; and one of the same
Was as deathless as Jove, so authorities claim.
Nothing daunted, our Hercules went forth to fight
it;
He cut off one head and two others were sighted.
And thus the solution appeared to his view:
"When you take one from one, the result will be
two."

RIMES TO BE READ.

Rather taken aback, but still thoroughly game,
He called his hired help, Iolaus by name.
Then he shaved off the heads as a man would a
beard,
And the necks (by his servant) were carefully seared,
Till the deathless head soon was left grinning alone,
And that one he buried beneath a big stone.

LABOR III.

The Arcadian stag was a curious kind,
Golden-horned, oraz'en-hoofed, and could outrun the
wind;
Whoever pursued him was soon left behind.
The mandate was given to capture him living,
So our hero set out without any misgiving.
All over the kingdom he followed the brute,
Till a year was consumed in the useless pursuit.
"Confound you!" said Hercules, seizing his bow,
"I've got something here which I'll wager can go
As fast as two stags." And it proved to be so.
The arrow succeeded in laying him low.
The wound wasn't fatal, so Hercules caught him,
And into the king's haughty presence he brought
him.

LABOR IV.

The boar of Erymanthus was *de trop*
Which is French for saying how
Boars are looked on, even now.

(43)

RIMES TO BE READ.

Our hero ran the rascal through the snow,
Snared him neatly in a net,
Picked him up, like any pet,
And took him to the capital to add him to the show.

LABOR V.

Augeas, King of Elis, it appears,
Had several thousand oxen in his stable,
But hadn't cleaned the place for thirty years.
The hard taskmaster heard, pricked up his ears
And cried, "Ho! ho! my Hercules, you're able
To do great things. I give you just one day
For this spring cleaning." Stranger to dismay,
Our hero sought the stables of Augeas,
Turned into them the river named Alpheus,
And re-enforced it with the swift Peneus;
These brooms soon swept the dirt away, you have
my word.
Perhaps they swept the stables with it. That I
haven't heard.

LABOR VI.

The Stymphalian birds were a horrible lot,
And everyone thought
That they ought
To be shot;
Yet no one had done it, till Hercules brought
His little snake-rattle to set them to flying
And then popped them over, as easy as lying.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR VII.

A bull, sent by Neptune to die in his honor (?)
Not having been killed was made mad by the donor.
Eurystheus must have been running a "Zoo,"
And having the stag and the boar, wanted, too,
The mad bull of Crete; so he ordered "Go get him!"
Though Hercules never so much as had met him.

But our hero set sail,
Grabbed the bull by the tail,
And took him to Hellas; but not for the Garden,
For, having arrived, he then (begging his pardon
Because he had given his tail such a pull)
Set him free—and all Greece was as mad as the bull.

LABOR VIII.

Diomedes
Used to feed his
Mares on human flesh.
Hercules just cut him up,
Found the mares inclined to sup,
And fed him to them, fresh.
'Twas a most successful plan;
Though before they liked a man
More than oats or anything.
Strange to say, this master-diet
Made them docile, kind and quiet,
To be taken to the king.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR IX.

The Amazon queen had a beautiful belt.
"Twas given by Mars, and the queen justly felt
Quite proud of the trifie, but Hercules started
To see if the belt and queen couldn't be parted.
At first it appeared he had only to ask
To receive it, but this was too easy a task
To please Mrs. Juno, who stirred up a bolt
In the ranks of the Amazons. "When the revolt
Was reported to Hercules, he ... er thought
The queen was a traitress and ... overtly wrought
To undo him; so seizing the girdle he sought,
He slew her, and thus was it bloodily bought.
Which shows that a man may be brave as the best,
And yet ungallant, when it comes to a test.

LABOR X.

Geryones had a fine herd of red cattle,
With a two-headed dog and a giant to battle
With any who trespassed upon his domain.
Dog, owner and keeper were met and were slain,
Yet Hercules still had to fight heavy odds,
(A number of men and a parcel of gods)
But in spite of them all, he conducted the string
Of handsome, red beasts to his brute of a king.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR XI.

When Juno was married, the goddess of Earth
Presented some apples of excellent worth,
 Made all of fine gold
From the smooth, shiny skin to the pips in the core.
 (Alas! I am told
Such beautiful apples don't grow any more.)
But wealth is a worry; nobody need doubt it,
Unless, like myself, he is always without it.
And Juno was worried until she grew pale;
Her nectar was flat, her ambrosia was stale.
The fear of a burglar had entered her head,
And so every night she looked under the bed.
No matter what Jupiter argued or said,
She'd wake him at midnight to vow and declare
There must be an apple-thief round about there.
At last, growing tired of the worry and wear,
She placed them in care
Of the sisters Hesperides, living just where
 The sun sets at night.
Our hero met Atlas, who held up the height
Of the heavens in air,
And a bargain was struck that the hero should bear
The dome for a while, and the action should earn
The apples, which Atlas brought back in return.
Though I can't understand
Why a chap with a chance to steal apples at hand,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Scot-free of all blame,
Should so lose his head
As to give up his claim
And let somebody else do it for him instead.

LABOR XII.

Pluto, in his world below,
Had a great three-headed beast
Called a dog. Perhaps 'twas so.
But I doubt his breed, at least.
House-dog? Hardly. Poison-drops
Fell from out his gaping chops,
And his fangs were sharp as hate,
And he guarded Pluto's gate.

Hercules was told to fetch
This repulsive, savage wretch.
Hercules with little fuss
Seized the snarling Cerberus,
Took him to the Earth from Hades,
Scared the king in playful sport,
Showed him round to all the court,
Made him bark for all the ladies.
Then the hero let him go,
And he sank to realms below,
One head growling,
One head yowling,
One head howling,
Out dog-curses,

(48)

RIMES TO BE READ.

As mythology rehearses.
And the fun
Of the Labors—all was done.
So are these doggerel verses.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE HERO OF THE HILL.

D^O you ever stop to watch a horse pull a big load up a hill?
There's something fine about the way he sends his rugged will
Down through those quivering shoulders, till it seems as if he clutched
And hurled the hill behind his heels until the top is touched.
It gives a man new courage when he comes to *his* steep grade,
To think of that example which the plucky beast has made.

But if the load prove stronger; if the horse, with hoofs outspread,
With reddened nostrils, foaming flanks, and bowing, straining head,
Surrenders to the inert mass, while the driver's only helps
Are strident oaths and the savage sound of the hot, whip's snaps and yelps,
Why then the chief result is, that it makes a fellow feel
He'd like to take that driver's head to block the slipping wheel!

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

But I remember one time when the driver had a
heart,
And worked with mind and muscle to release the
stubborn cart
From the clay-rut, when some soldiers who were
loafing in the sun
Let fall their lazy jaws to laugh and let their cheap
wit run.
One cried, "Say, take that bag of bones and feed him
to the crows!"
And "Oh, he'd scare the crows away," the mocking
answer rose.
"It'll take a small torpedo, if you ever move that
beast."
"Better get one of the size of that which wrecked
the 'Maine,' at least."

So ran the jeering comments, till at last a bugler
said,
"Say, driver, if I blow the charge, d'ye think he'd
drop down dead?"
It was then the driver answered, "Well, he might;
but let me say
That this old horse has heard the charge when it
meant 'Charge!' to obey.
Not on the dress-parade grounds along with chaps
like you.
But on the fields of Cuba where the Spanish bullets
flew:

RIMES TO BE READ.

And though he's drifted back to me and don't look
very trim,
I tell you he's a vet, who has the right stuff yet in
him."
"Oh, nonsense!" laughed a sergeant, and "Non-
sense!" sneered the rest,
And the bugler raised his bugle, crying, "This'll be
the test."

Then out upon the air there fell a dozen liquid
tones,
Like prophecies of glory mingling with the ghosts
of groans,
The sound the soldier hears—and cheers—although
its mellow breath
May send him where the cannon belch their black
and bitter death,
The sound which cries, "Destroy, destroy! and let
the list be large!"
The ringing of the bugle when it blows the battle
charge.

And how the old horse heard it! Up flung his heavy
head,
Wide grew his nostrils, straight his ears, and quick
the fever spread
Through every nerve and muscle, as he forward
plunged and pressed
Straight up the steep, despite his load, and stood
upon the crest!

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

And were the soldiers laughing now? Not so. The
scoffing jeers
Gave way to shame a moment, and then burst forth
in cheers.
And the sergeant cried, "Attention, boys! fall in!
dress ranks! salute!
Salute the gallant veteran—our comrade, though a
brute.
God send him oats and apples and the shelter of a
stall,
And grant we be as sturdy when we hear the battle-
call!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

IN THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

WELL, well! and can it be?
Is this the same old schoolhouse? Is this
the same old me?
Why, here's the very place
Where Teacher stood the dunce-stool, with me on it,
in disgrace.
And here's the old blackboard
Where I ciphered, ciphered, ciphered, till I stopped,
completely floored,
While Teacher looked severe,
And forty thumbs and fingers taunted "We know!"
in my ear.
And here's the hollow chair
Which I levelled up with water, and when Teacher
sat down there
His gasp of wet surprise
Touched giggling springs within, which bubbled out
of lips and eyes.
And O, those awful tones
Which meted out my punishment, "You sit with
Julia Jones!"

The mirth forsook my face,
And every blood-corpuscle blushed to witness my
disgrace.
"O, tyrant, take thy rule
And rap these knuckles loudly, till I howl before the
school!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

O, set thy biting birch
Against these legs till not an inch of skin escapes its
search!
O, tread me in the dust,
And keep me in at recess till vacation, if thou must!
Make sore my very bones,
But cry thee mercy, Teacher, sit me not with Julia
Jones!"

Why, here's the very seat
Where I sat next to Julia, sweating blood from head
to feet,
While Julia broke a rule
And whispered, "Feel mean if you want to, Phil, but
don't look like a fool!"
And then, to show her grit,
She slipped her arm behind me, saying, "I don't
mind a bit."
I sat, with lips a-curl,
And marveled why a righteous God should ever
make a girl.
But—well, it's very strange,
For in a year or two my views had undergone a
change,
And I'd have swapped my bones
For the punishment of sitting all my life with Julia
Jones.

And now! well, can it be
I'm in the same old schoolhouse with the same old
dreams in me?

RIMES TO BE READ.

The place is mean and low,
But Athens' classic Parthenon could hardly stir me
so.
The Teacher, where is he?
A blessing on his stern old face, wherever it may be.
And Julia, is she there
Still under the dominion of his tutelary care,
A means of righteous wrath
To punish young male cherubim who tread the way-
ward path?
I can't believe it. No,
For I left her with the babies hardly half an hour
ago,
And my reason quite disowns
A theory which gives her back her maiden name of
Jones.

RIMES TO BE READ.

FAME AND FATE

WORK for the world, but art for me!
I shall win my way with the brush," said
she.

She studied art; she studied it hard;
She painted canvases, yard on yard
(For "Art is long," as I'm sure you've heard),
Two strokes, or three
For a blasted tree
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird.
But "art" is sometimes purest gold,
And sometimes merest gilding—
So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,
By scrubbing a New York building.

"The world may dig in the dark," said he,
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me."
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,
He screamed the scream
Of Aram's Dream,
And he groaned the groan of The Polish Boy.
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q.,
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Love for the common, but mine is fame!"
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."
Corrupting English, she called it "verse,"
While "poetry" graded somewhat worse.
"Now flees my love
As doth the dove
Which moults to feathery clouds above.
Its cryptic cry space doth haste
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."
Ah, "Art is long" (in sad endurance)
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance.
And now, wherever the English tongue
Is put into print her praise is sung,
For she was cured of manifold ills
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills.

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"
He said, "is filled with the art divine.
Music may lead me whither she may;
I toil at the ivories day by day
Till the world shall gather when I shall play."
He practiced in every conceivable key—
Rumplety, tumplety, tunk tank, tee;
Ripplety, skipplety, lol-la-lee!
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort
That the artist himself is sometimes short,
So the world does gather to watch him play
As he fingers the ivories day by day
In a billiard hall in Santa Fé.

RIMES TO BE READ.

ALMOST UP.

WHERE were you struck?" the captain cried
To him who charged on Lookout's side,
Who charged in all his martial pride,
Up! over rocky ridge and rut,
Up! where the paths of life were shut,
Up! where the death-winged bullets sped,
Up! over dying men and dead;
Nothing could stay his onward tread
Until—that hurtling scrap of lead.

"Where were you struck?" the captain cried,
Between the waves of battle's tide,
Then, half in anguish, half in pride,
Though drinking of the bitter cup,
The soldier answered, "Almost up!"
"No, no; your wound—where hit, I mean?"
But, even in that final scene,
True to his last heroic will,
"Most up! 'most up!" he murmured still.

Not where his shattered body bled,
Not where his veins poured out their red,
But where his last hard duty led,
Was all the dying soldier's thought.
And may we learn the lesson taught!—
No matter where our lives are cast,
In sunny peace or battle's blast,
May it be said, when we have passed,
"He struggled upwards to the last!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

O HARRY came along the lane
And he was very late,
He hurried on to catch a train
And had no time to wait.
He must hasten!—but against the pane
He caught a glimpse of Kate,
And he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

O, Katie had her doughnuts cut,
Her sponge was light as air;
Her pies were in the oven shut
And needed all her care;
She must give them every moment, but
She spied young Harry there
And she didn't, she didn't, she didn't.

O, Harry stopped and spoke a word
And spoke it very low,
And yet I think that Katie heard
And still believed it so,
Tho' all the while the youth averred
That he would have to go,
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

O, Katie said the fire was warm
And she was "like to drop;"
And Harry seemed to think his arm
Was needed as a prop;

(60)

RIMES TO BE READ.

And Katie was in such alarm
She said that he must stop!
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

For he said he held unto the best
When he had proved it so,
And she drooped her head upon his breast
And said that he must go;
And he said he'd leave that instant
Lest he heard a cruel "No!"
But — —, — —, — —

RIMES TO BE READ.

EVOLUTION

NOW when the original anthropoid
First found that his pimpling skin was void

 Of hair,
 And bare,

Some ganglial glimmer within the brute
Impelled him to look for a substitute.

 That fact,
 That act,

Was civilization's primal spur,
For a man isn't man without—a shirt.

Then followed an aeon, more or less,
With never a change in the creature's dress.

 Mayhap
 Some chap

May have added breeches, or even a coat,
But the purpose was still the same, you'll note

 Until
 Some thrill

Of pride in appearance began to grow,
And he added an outer shirt—for show.

Some anthropologists, you may assert,
Say the proud preceded the useful shirt.

 'Tis true
 They do.

But to answer that I need only say
That I am writing this verse, not they.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And if
You

At that, I furthermore plainly state
My poetical license is paid to late.

Then some brave soul in a fort
Destroyed his oppressor and r

As I the
When mo

Would stand at the stale gate and mark
Which showed where the man had strangled his
neck,

His no
Decree:

That the neck of his shirt be fashioned taller
As a "badge" place. A thus—the collar.

Another step in enl the world
And around the coll with w tied.

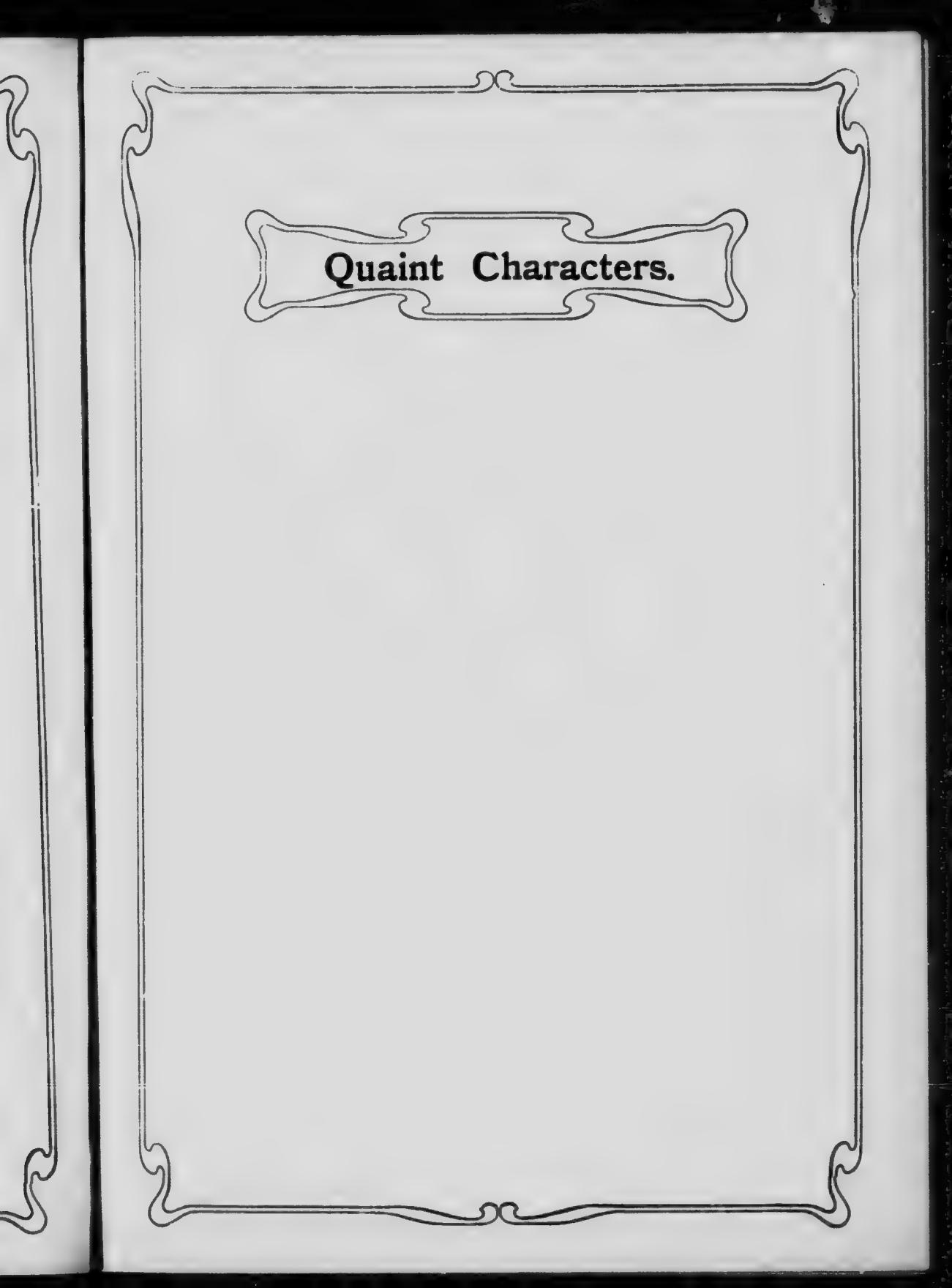
ooked, the one with a golden pin
I may stuck the ornament in.
Made vied
With pride,
and luxur no th luxury met,
The sparkling jewel in the pin was set.

The point is yet to come,
For take the jewe your finger and thumb
(63)

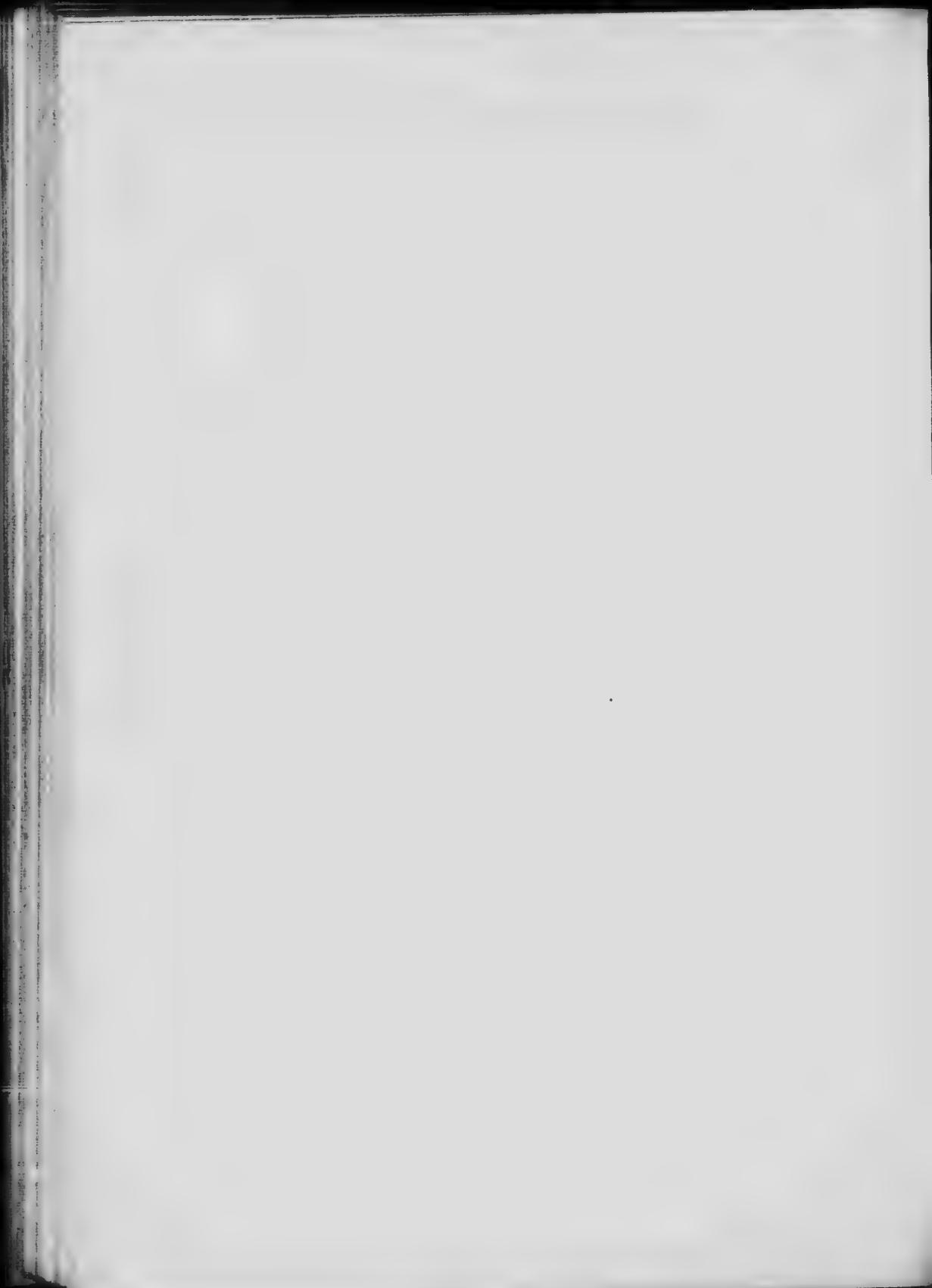
RIMES TO BE READ.

And try
The ply
Of collar and neck-dress through and through,
And the prideful shirt and the useful, too
And then
Again!

* * * * *
And the polished pin which you have employed
Has scratched the original anthropoid!



Quaint Characters.



RIMES TO BE READ.

"FIN DE SIECLE."

THIS life's a hollow bubble,
Don't you know?
Just a painted piece of twouble,
Don't you know?
We come to earth to cwy,
We gwow oldeh and we sigh,
Oldeh still and then we die,
Don't you know?

It is all a howwid mix,
Don't you know?
Business, love, and politics,
Don't you know?
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets,
Fashions, follies, sins, weggets,
Stwuggle, stwife, and cigawettes,
Don't you know?

And we wowwy through each day,
Don't you know?
In a sort of, kind of, way,
Don't you know?
We are hungwy, we are fed,
Some few things are done and said,
We are tihed, we go to bed,
Don't you know?

RIMES TO BE READ.

Business? O, that's beastly twade,
Don't you know?

Something's lost or something's made,
Don't you know?

And you wowwy, and you mope
And you hang youah highest hope
On the pwice, pe'haps, of soap!
Don't you know?

Politics? O, just a lawk,
Don't you know?
Just a nightmaeh in the dawk,
Don't you know?
You pe'spiyah all day and night
And afteh all the fight,
Why pe'haps the w'ong man's wight,
Don't you know?

Society? Is dwess,
Don't you know?
And a sou'ce of much distwess,
Don't you know?
To detehmine what to weah,
When to go and likewise wheah
And how to pawt youah haih,
Don't you know?

Love? O, yes! You meet some g'l,
Don't you know?
And you get in such a whi'l,
Don't you know?

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then you kneel down on the floah
And imploah and adoah—
And it's all a beastly boah!
Don't you know?

So theah's weally nothing in it,
Don't you know?
And we live just for the minute,
Don't you know?
For when you've seen and felt,
Dwank and eaten, heahd and smelt,
Why all the cawds are dealt,
Don't you know?

You've one consciousness, that's all,
Don't you know?
And one stomach, and it's small,
Don't you know?
You can only weah one tie,
One eye-glass in youah eye,
And one coffin when you die,
Don't you know?

RIMES TO BE READ.

DE GOOFEH-JACK.

DE cunjuh-doctah, he mek de cunjuh-bag,
He mek de cunjuh-bag, he mek de cunjuh-bag;
He done mek it out-er a shirt-tail rag
Dat come f'om a blue-gum niggah.
Den he put in de rabbit-foot en alligateh aigg,
He put in de penny dat a dumb man baig,
En a snake's front toof dat stuck a niggah's laig.—
En he put in anothah l'il jiggah.
Den he tek dat bag en he cunjuh you,
He cunjuh you, he cunjuh you;
Whateveh he say, he kin mek you do;
You got no chance en dat's a libbin' fac',
Unless you got you a goofeh-jack.

De voodoo-doctah he mek de goofeh-jack,
He mek de goofeh-jack, he mek de goofeh-jack,
F'om a stick dat grows in a erf-quake crack,
Wif a shape lek a bow-legged niggah.
Den he wrap dat stick wif a li'l flannel rag
Dat once was a part-er a cunjuh bag,
En he say some woids lek "Doodlegumbledag!"
En some oteh woids a heap sight biggeh.
Den if some low niggah done cunjuh you,
Done cunjuh you, done cunjuh you,
Des you grab dat stick, for I tells you true,
You got no chance en dat's a libbin' fac',
Unless you got you a goofeh-jack.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Dey-us ol' Miss Riley was a-waz'in' away,
A-waz'in' away, des was'in' right away,
Eatin' bo'lles er medicine ev'ry single day,
But I wa'n't gwine for to trus' it;
So I des git a goofeh en slip' it in de baid,
En it sho would a cu'ed her, lek de voodoo say'd
But de ve'y next mawnin', suh, she wake up daid!
'Caze she roll on de goofeh-jack en bus' it.

So if some low niggah done cunjuh you,
Done cunjuh you, done cunjuh you,
You be right smawt caihful now, whatevh you
do;
'Caze you got no chance, en dat's a libbin' fac',
Unless you got a goofeh-jack!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE OLD MAN KNOWS.

DAN, you'll never find another
Like the hand of yer old mother,
Which has worked and won yer bread.
Yes, more'n that if all be said,
Fer she won and then she made it,
An' such bread! You wouldn't trade it
Fer no banquet, if you knew
How you'll hunger when she's through
Doin' fer you. Don't you s'pose
Like enough the old man knows?

Yes, I know it ain't as milky
In its looks, nor yet as silky
In its feel as some hards be.
But if these old eyes can see,
Ev'ry line's a line of beauty,
Er a mark fer well done duty!
No use talkin', Dan, it's so.
Guess the old man ought to know.

'Nd how ev'ry faded finger
Loves to touch you 'nd to linger
Round yer hair. You'll understand
Better, some day, 'bout that hand.
Nothin' else can do as much as
Them same tender, peaceful touches.

RIMES TO BE READ.

How they soothe 'nd how old sorrow
Sneaks, until some sad to-morrow.
Dan, O Dan, the old man knows,
He had a mother, don't you s'pose?

RIMES TO BE READ.

ADAM.

A DAM, made of common earth,
Seemed to be of little worth.
Giving him his full desert,
Still he seemed as cheap as dirt.

Smacked a good deal of the soil,
Adam did, but shirked all toil.
Yet he asked no man for trust,
Being simply made of dust.

Sandy beard and sandy hair;
Also had a stony stare;
And before his flesh ran blood
I suppose his name was mud.

Poor old Adam, formed in clay,
Wasn't of the stuff to stay.
One more process was required;
That's the reason he was fired!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NOT A COON-SONG COON.

I 'SE a right smaht niggeh,
I kin read en I kin figgeh,
En I doesn't nuvver, nuvver play no craps.
I doesn't give a button
Fo' a cake-walk or a cuttin',
En dat am what de trouble is, pe'hapse.
I doesn't spen' meh dollahs
On no shiny shoes en collahs,
En meh habits sholy ought to make a hit;
But de ladies seems to shake me,
En dey's not a one 'll take me—
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

Dey wuz coffee-cullud Jinny
En Sooky Loo en Minny
En freckled Fan en Mandy Ann en Sue;
Dey was Tildy, dey was Dinah
En Luce en little Lina;
(I nuvver wanted on'y des a few!)
Dey was Nance dat married Peter,
En I'se moughty glad he beat her;
En Ulussus wa'n't no better, ca'se dey fit;
But she wouldn't leave him, no, suh,
Wouldn't marry me; en so, suh,
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

I has sometimes wunde'd
Ef dese niggehs has 'em cunjuh'd;
 Ef dey hasn't, it am somepin moughthy queer!
Dey is Race-Hoas Bennie,
He doesn't seem so many,
 But he gin'ally gits married ev'y year!
Dey was Pete have seven
En he gwinter come eleven
 En' Ulussus have a dozen 'fore he quit;
Dey all done have so many
Dat dey has n't luff me any—
 I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

RIMES TO BE READ.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL RUSTIC.

POTRY fellers says we like to drink
Worter from the ol' mill stream,
Like to git down on the brink
So's it runs right down our stummick—"like a
dream,"
Says them po'try men.
Then again
They say how we love to draw it from the well—
"Moss-bound bucket," and that sort o' thin'.
Says we much prefer a gourd, er ole sea shell,
Er a rusty dipper, made o' tin
Fer to drink it in,
But, by Gee!
Yer cut glass, Severs chiny stuff is good
fer me.
Po'try fellers says there ain't no bed
Quite so good as that un in the old homestead.
I say durn it
And dad burn it!
Durn its feather bed-tick that's so lean
Yeh sag between
All the slats and almost touch the floor
If yeh weighs ten pounds or more.
If you're thin
Not a bone fits in
To a soft spot
Like it ought,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But rubs, rubs, rubs, on some blame slat;
So if I know where I'm at,
Hairy, springy, couchy city beds'll do
Fer me, I jus' tell you!

Po'try fellers says if we have stacks
Of ham fer breakfas', coffee an' flap-jacks,
With a dinner of biled cabbage an' corn beef,
An' p'serves an' pie fer supper, you got lief
To have all the rest. Is 'st so?
Guess if they met me they'd likely know
That I'd take some olives, lemon ice,
Lobst' salad, bullion an' a slice
Of boiled tarpot, with some tutty-frutty,
An' a little of that stuff, a la spaghutty,
Frummidge, ice cream an' assorted pie,
Quail on puddin', sherbet, oyster fry—
Anythin' else yeh got,
An' fetch her quick an' hot.
Coffee? No, sir, take the stuff away;
Pomeroy Chartruse, extra dry, will do me any day.

Po'try fellers says we love to walk,
'Cause it's healthfuller an' lots more air
Sizzles through yer lungs, an' they talk
How when we do ride 'at we don't care
Fer no bridles, but jest slides
On a horse an' gits.
Say it sort o' fits
Us most to take straw-rides,

RIMES TO BE READ.

'R else to ride the good ol'-fashioned way,
In the 'amily shay,
Which ain't got no springs,
Ner cushions, an' which slings
You'n yer girl together (which yeh like)
Till it steadies when yeh strike
The ol' turn-pike.
Po'try fellers talks that way,
But a-speakin' fer myself, I say
A autymobile-tally-ho will do me any day.

Po'try fellers further says our homes
Is pomes,
Says the flicker of the fire-place is a sight
Chuck full of warm delight,
While the winter breezes kindly fans yer backs
Through the cracks;
Says the suller an' the butt'ry is the best
To keep things sweet in,
An' the sittin' room's fer rest,
An' the kitchen fer to eat in.
Says there ain't no place on earth quite like the
attic,
Speashly when the weather's rainy an' rumattic,
An' it spatters on the roof an' on the pane,
(Not the rumytism doesn't, but the rain!)
Which is very slick an' pretty,
But them houses in the city,
All fixed up like ole Queen Annie's used to be,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Brown stone roof an' mansard front—by Gee!
Such a house is good enough fer me!

Po'try fellers takes a lot o' pains
To show they got no brains,
But the foollest thing they does—it seems to me—
Is to chalk
Down the darndest lot of words you ever see
An' say that's how we talk.
Gosh all hemlock! Why they chop
Half the words to pieces an' they stop
'Fore they've finished spellin' of 'em,
An' they're full of little wiggles up above 'em.
Why, ther spellin' would disgrace the dumbest fool
In the spellin' class at Districk School.
An' ther grammar's the most worse you ever see!
Why, if you an' me
Couldn't talk no more correcter—Geemeenee!
'Scuse me, but it makes me hot to see things wrote
that way.
Good, old Angly Saxon English talk is my ch'ice
any day.

RIMES TO BE READ.

BEFORE PLAYING TINKERTOWN.

(A Distinguished Citizen Advises the Advance Agent.)

SO you're goan to give a show?
Well, I s'pose you likely know
Yer own bus'ness, but I'm glad
—Ez fer me—I never had
Money in the show biz here,
Fer cur folks is mighty queer.
An' you see when they first built
Our new Op'ry House, they kilt
The hull business, 'cause they give
More shows than could run—an' live.

"Give two in one week, one time.
One was minstrels. They was prime!
But what kilt us was the other;
Some blame lecturer or-ruther
Talked about a Chiny wall
An' a Pyramids an' all
That there sort o' rot. An' so,
Bein' as folks had paid, you know,
Fifteen cents to see a *show*,
Lots of 'em felt ruther sore
An' don't go to shows no more.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Course your show is good? No doubt.
But you see the town's showed out;
Less'n three weeks back we had
Hamlut. Had it purty bad.
Actors—they was purty fair,
Speshly one with yeller hair.
He had talunt! He could shout
An' jes' drown the others out!
But the play itself was sad.
'Sides it was a draggy, bad
Sort of sadness. Didn't begin
To come up to ol' East Lynne!

"Jabez Tubbs, he sez, sez he,
'I'll take ol' East Lynne fer me,
Mebbe these new plays is fine,
But I'll take the ol' fer mine.'
'Scuse me fer goan on this way,
But I'm 'feared yer show won't pay.

"It's a bad week fer a show,
'Cause most folks that gits to go
Is a-restin' up jest now
Fer the Social. An' that's how
Things most always is 'round here.
P'r'aps there's nothin' fer a year,
Then, first thing a feller knows,
We're just overrun with shows.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"P'r'aps a little later might
Find a better week an' night.
Still, I dunno, fer ye see
P'r'acted meetin' soon'll be,
An' of course you know that's free,
An' that natchelly kills a show
Where you got to pay to git to go."

RIMES TO BE READ.

A LITTLE SAUNTER.

WHEN the sun's a-comin' up 'nd ole Earth is wet,
Jest as though he'd washed his face 'nd hedn't dried it yet;
Birds fer miles 'nd miles around chipperin' 'n' singin',
Pigs a-gruntin' music fer the feed the man's a bringin',
Rooster crowin' fit to split round the kitchen door,
Ans'erin' "Good mornir,'" to a half a dozen more,—
Other folks can roust around, but for me I wanter
 Take a little saunter,
Fill up full of green 'nd blue in a little saunter.

When the sun's a-goin' down, lazy ez you please,
Settin' good example fer a man to take his ease;
Cows a-lyin', chewin', 'nd a-wobblin', early bat
Er a sparreh, half asleep, flies a-past yer hat;
When yev hed yer supper 'nd the world seems good;
When the air, jest lazin' round, smells of piney wood,—
"Tain't no time to roust around, 'nd fer me, I wanter
 Take a little saunter,
Jest hang back 'n' let my legs take a little saunter.

RIMES TO BE READ.

When you almost feel the moon a-shinin' on yer
back,
(See her in the warter 'nd she seems to make a track
Leadin' off to Heaven, jest a easy distance walkin';)
When it's all so still, a sound seems like silence
talkin';
Starry eyes a-gawpin' like the childern's to a story;
Room fer nothin' nowhere 'ceptin' night 'nd God 'nd
glory,—
I jest dassent roust around, 'nd I never wanter
 Do no more than saunter,
Fill up full of shiny peace in a little saunter!

RIMES TO BE READ.

REVENGE.

VEN ich und Gretchen married got,
Mein olt frient Dunkelschwarzennrath,
He don'd coom vere my veddin ees,
Becos I nefer gone by hees!

Aber, I get me efen yet.
Dot Dunkelschwarzennrath is deat.
I don'd go by hees fooneral—nein!—
Becos he nefer gone by mine!

RIMES TO BE READ.

UNVERSTAENDLICH.

DHE contrariest ting on die Erd is men,
Aber vimmens arr twice so contrary again,
Andt I am yoost so contrary as you,
Andt you arr as worse as die worst one, too;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to haf hoonger by dinner, you say,
Aber why do you eadt, so dhat hoonger go 'vay?
You like to be tired, so you schleep like a top,
Andt you like to go schleep, so dhat tired feeling
shtop;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to have sugar on sauer t'ings you eadt
Andt you like to haf sauer mit die t'ings what arr
sweet.

You like to be cold when die vetter is hot.
Andt when it is cold, ach, how varm you vould got!
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

How you shdare at die man what can walk up die
street
On his hands, yet you walk twice so goodt on your
feet.
What a long mind you haf, if I am in your debt,
Budt if you arr in mine, O, how quick you forget!
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

RIMES TO BE READ.

Are you single? You like to be married, of course.
Are you married? Most likely you like a divorce!
Andt if you vas get you unmarried, why dhen
You go righd away and got married again.

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You vant yoost a liddle more money? Dhat's true;
Andt dhene's Mistare Vanderbilt; he vants dhat too.
You remember dhat time dhat you wish you arr
dead?

Budt if I try to kill you, you boost in my headt;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

Zo, I t'ink I pelief only haf what I know
Andt dhe half I pelief is dhe part what ain'd zo.
Aber, I don'd complain, for dhat makes me no use,
For if I am a Esel, vhy you arr a goose;

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

It is bedter to laugh; it is foolish to fight
Yoost because I am wrong and because you ain'd
right.

It is bedter to laugh mit dhe world, up andt down
From dhe sole of our headt to dhe foot of our
crown; Now, ain'd dhat zo?

Zo, dhen you laugh at me andt dhen I laugh at you,
Andt dhe more dhat you laugh vhy dhe more I
laugh, too,

Andt ve laugh till ve cry! Vhen ve cry, aber dhen,
Ve will bot' feel zo goot ve go laughing again!

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

RIMES TO BE READ.

KATIE AN' ME.

KATIE an me a'n't ingaged anny moor.
Och, but the heart of me's breakin', fer sure!
The moon has turned grane and the sun has turned
yellow,
And Oi am turned both and a different fallow.
The poipe of me loiftoime is losin' its taste;
Some illigant whuskey is goin' to waste;
Me heart is that impty and also me arrum;
Pertaties an' bacon have lost all their charrum,
And Oi feel like a tombstone, wid crape on the dure
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

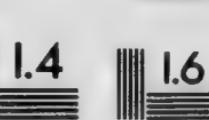
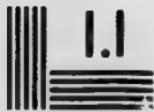
Yit most of the world is a-movin' alang
As if there was nawthin' at all goin' wrang.
Oi notice the little pigs lie in the mud,
An' the fool of a cow is still chewin' her cud;
The shky is still blue and the grass is still bright;
The stars shine in hivin in peaceful delight;
The little waves dance on the brist of the lake;
Tim Donnelly's dead an' they're havin' a wake,
An' the world's rich in joy! and it's only me's poor,
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

She was always that modest and swate. Oi declare
She wud blush full as rid as her illigant hair
At the t'ought of another man stalin' the taste
Of her lips, or another man's arrum 'round her waist.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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RIMES TO BE READ.

An' now—och, McCarney, luk out, or Oi'll break
Yer carcass in fragmints an' dance at yer wake,
As you're dancin' at Donnelly's! What shud Oi fear?
Purgatory? Not mooch, fer the same is right here.
Wid me heart on the briler, an' niver a cure,
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

RIMES TO BE READ.

DAT GAWGY WATAHMILLON.

O, DAT Gawgy watahmillon, an' dat gal ob
Gawgy wif 'm!
She foun' 'm an' she poun' 'm an' he ripe enough to
lif 'm.
I tote 'm to de well an' den we cool 'm in de watah,
An' we bress de Lawd foh libin', like a Gawgy nig-
gah ought to.
She pat him an' she punk him, like ol' mammy wif
de chillun,
An' ma haht it done keep punkin' ev'y time she punk
de millon!

I look into huh yalla eyes an' feel dat I can trus' 'm,
An' den I take de millon an' I drop 'm down an' bus'
'm.

O, dat Gawgy watahmillon wif de sweet an' coolin'
flowin'
Poke youah face deep down, ma honey, an' jes' keep
youah mouf a-goin'.
Dar ain't no use ob talkin', but I 'clar to Gord I'se
willin'
Foh to nebeh hab no heab'n 'cept dat Gawgy gal an'
million!

Foh dey filled de haht an' stomach ob dis happy
Gawgy niggah,
An' he couldn' be no fullah, 'less de Lohd done make
him biggah.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Lohdy, Lohd! I'se done been dreamin' an' my haht
is mos' a-breakin',
An' ma lips dey is a-burnin' an' ma stomach is a
achin'.
I been dreamin' ob de summah an' ma mouf is jes'
a-fillin'
Foh dat honey gal ob Gawgy an' dat Gawgy watah-
million!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NATHAN'S FLAT.

NATHAN wrote that he 'n' his wife was livin' in
a flat.
"Gracious me!" says mother, "why, what sort o'
place is *that*?"
"Well," I says, "it's one o' them there places, don't
you know,
'At folks live in, likely," an' mother says, "Jesso!"
But 'bout a half hour later, she broke out, "I'd give
a cent
If I could sort o' puzzle out what Nathan really
meant."

Now, ain't that like a woman? You can tell 'em
what is what;
You can show 'em plain as preachin', but it's just as
like as not
When ye've argied an' convinced 'em an' yeh think
ye've surely fetched 'em,
They'll bust out just where they started, same as
though yeh hadn't teched 'em.
"Well," I says, "we'll go to see 'em, then, an' that'll
stop yer clatter,"
For I own that I was cur'ous like, myself, about the
matter!
So we went an' Nathan met us. Wa'n't we glad to
see his face!
An' he rid us on a cable till we reached a stoppin'
place,

RIMES TO BE READ.

An' says, "Here we are!" an' first I knowed I was
a-standin' there
A-gawpin' at a buildin' that was higher in the air
Than the Presbyterian steeple. An' I says, "My
conscience, Nat,
It can't be sech a stuck-up thing is what yeh call a
flat?"
But he only smiled an' nodded an' he took us in the
hall,
An' mother says, "Why, Nathan, dew yeh occupy it
all?"

Then we got into a little coop, an' Nathan he says
"Seven!"
An' in another second we was shootin' up to
heaven.
Mother shet her teeth an' held her breath an' trem-
bled 'roun' the eyes,
An' my heart fell in my stomach, it was sech a sud-
den rise.
Then, in another jiffy, we was into Nathan's flat—
Six rooms, about the size o' three, an' darn small
three at that.
But some things was pretty handy. They was places
in the wall
Where ye'd go an' talk to people 'at yeh couldn't
see at all.
There was one place where ye'd turn a wheel to
squirt a little heat,
An' the cellar was a little box containin' things to
eat. (94)

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then there was one extravagance 'at mother
thought a sin;
They had spiled a good-sized clo'se-press fer to put
a bath-tub in.
Gee! it made me think o' tombstones, it was a'l so
white and shiny,
But mother she peeked into it an' says "I yum; it's
shiny!"
Nathan's wife was kind o' laughin', so I fixed my
eyes on her,
An' says, solemn, "Read yer Bible of the whitened
sepulchre!

"Bath-tubs! Why, if I'd a mind to, I could tell yeh
pretty quick
Of the time when Nathan's bath-tub was the hull o'
Simpson's creek!
An' the sunshine was his only towel, or if by any
chance,
He couldn't wait fer dryin', why he used his coat an'
pants.
An' on Sat'dy nights in winter, mother'd fetch the
washin'-tub,
An' she'd heat enough of water fer all han's to take
a scrub,
An' she'd pester Nat, 'Git ready!' till at last he'd
sort o' squeak,
'Ma, I honest don't believe I hardly need a bath this
week!'

RIMES TO BE READ.

But she'd shet him in the kit: an' he'd grunt an'
puff an' spatter,
Till you'd thought a steamboat bust-up was the least
could be the matter."

"Yes, an' then I'd mop," says mother, "an' blow out
the kitchen light,
An' I'd foller Nat upstairs to kiss my little *g*
'Good night!'
An' it kind o' seemed that me an' God was watchin'
there by Nat,
But I don't believe I'd ever have sech feelin's in a
flat!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

"OUR CLUB."—THE IRISH MEMBER'S
TOAST.

THE sharp edge of hunger was turned and the
Chair
Arose to inform us we all might prep-e
For a story, a toast, or any good bit
Which entered the head of an owner of wit,
And for fear Brother Milliken's tongue shouold grow
balky,
By mixing Kentucky with part of Milwaukee,
We'd hear from him first, and his toast was "Our
Club."

As soon as his fellows had laughed at the rub
Which the chairman had given the Irishman rose,
Upholding his liquid, and said, "I suppose
Ivry mother's gossoon of ye's achin' to drink
The toast to our club, so let yer bowls clink!
Yez can drink it in potcheen or drink it in watter,
An', barrin' the taste, I would say, drink the latter;
Fer if yez do not, I will give ye fair warn'n',
Ye'll find that it's watter ye want in the marnin'.
But drink watter now an' ye'll feel extry foine
An' won't be a-wantin' a hat noomber noine,
Fer I'll tell ye the trut'—to the shame of the devil—
It don't do to treat the potcheen over civil.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Just as sure as ye open yer door to the cratur,
He hints that his brother is finer or nater,
An' then they both say that their coosin is swater,
An' then that the family should be more complater,
An' they have a gay toime an' ye find, to yer sorra,
Though ye'll swear they were lodged in yer
stomach, begorra,
Yet all of e'm's oop in yer head, by tomorrow!

"But drink to our club in what liquid ye wish;
Drink deep as a camel and free as a fish.
Though we call it a club, let that club be a staff!
Let it always be used in a brother's behalf—
A support for his need and a rest for his hand!
Though we call it a club, let that club be a wand!—
The same as them wands that the fairies used much.
Let no heart be so hard but to melt at its touch!
As we call it a club, when we see anny wrang,
Let us take up our club an' go after it strang;
Let it swing for the right, brothers, nightly and
daily,
Though we call it a club, let it be a shillaly!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

"OUR LADIES."—THE POET'S TOAST.

A TOAST from the poet, I think, would be pleasant,"
Cried he at the banquet's head.
"A toast from the poet!" cried every one present,
And the poet arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I greet you and all of your host;
My comrades, your friendship is ever my boast;
And lastly, fair ladies, 'tis you whom I toast.
Though I mention you last, it is not my intent
To reckon you least. First in worth is not meant
When we place the soft mollusk or thin *consommé*
At the top of the menu, and no one will say
The *piece de resistance* is less of a dish
Just because further down on the list than the fish.

"Mother Eve, you remember, was last in formation,
Which proves she was apex of all the creation,
For first appeared grasses and herbs and the fruits,
And then came the fishes, the fowls and the brutes,
Then Adam; and mark you how each form grew
higher.
But still there was left something more to desire,
For though all life was there, flora, fauna and hu-
man,
Paradise could not be until also was woman.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And so she was made from a small, bony part
Which is nearest (please note well the symbol)
man's heart.
And hence, since that time, 'tis man's chiefest en-
deavor
To get back that rib, and 'twill be so forever.

"How broad is the theme of my toasting—Our
Ladies!
Proud daughters of Guelph and the Misses
O'Gradys,
The Fräulein of Berlin, the Donas of Cadiz,
The Annas, the Fannies, the Adas, the Sadies,
All, all, in some masculine hearts are 'Our Ladies.'

"Our Ladies? Our mothers, queen-angels of Earth.
Our wives, or our sweethearts—tongue fails at your
worth!

O, is there a grief which o'ershadows the day
Which by woman's soft breath is not wafted away?
O, is there a heart, adamantine, austere,
Which melts not beneath a pure, womanly tear?
And what soured ascetic who does not rejoice
In the grace of her glance, of her smile, of her
voice?

"O, have you an armor, so tempered, so true,
That a woman's sharp tongue cannot pierce through
and through?

RIMES TO BE READ.

And tell me of arguments, reasons or laws,
Which bear half of the weight of a woman's 'Be-
cause.'

"Our Ladies, enduring, considerate, meek;
Our Ladies, contrary, irrational, weak;
Kind hearted, yet cruel; obliging, perverse,
Which is why they are taken 'for better or worse.'

"Do you think the description is rather complex?
So it is, but just so is the feminine sex;
Yet without the sex, Heaven itself were a Hades,
For Heaven is anywhere where are Our Ladies."

RIMES TO BE READ.

AFTER-DINNER APOLOGY OF LE
COMTE CRAPAUD.

I VOULD you make ze little speak avec plaisir,
Boat et ess not moach long zat I been here,
Ant I am timid zat I speak soam wrong,
Becos I know zis langvids not moach long.

"Zis Englees langvids I not understand me moach.
Eet ees not logical, eef I can judge,
For eet ees not long since I am invite
Au Chi-ca-go to see ze many sight.
Ant zere I fint I alvays spoke ze vay
I do not spoke to spoke ze vhat I say.
Zey to me show ze building high, high, high!
Zey call him, voila! scraper-of-ze-sky.
I look oapon ze mud down at ze street
Ant wish zey had ze scraper-of-ze-street.

"Zey take me to ze yard vhere ees ze stock—
Ze peeg—ten tousan' tousan' peeg—vat you call
‘hock!’
Zat night at a re-cep-se-on, zey to me say,
‘Ant how you like Chi-ca-go zees fairst day?’
I say ‘Oh, magnifique! I not can like it more;
I never meet so many hock in all my life before!’
But zen I fint I have not spoke ze vay
I ought to spoke to spoke ze vhat I say.

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RIMES TO BE READ.

"Zen some one speak about ze trust ant I say out,
'Vhat ees zees trust I hear so moach about?'
Zey say eet ees a com-bin-a-se-on of ze stock.
'Stock? stock?' I say. 'Zen ees ze trust more
"hock!"'

Zey say zat I have right ant zen zey roar,
Ant ah! I fint I am a zhoke once more.
I fint zere ees a trust in zees—in zat,
Trust in ze shoe down here, oap in ze hat,
A trust in vhat you eat, you drink, you wear,
A trust in eferyzing ant eferyvhere!
By gar, I meet a man zat have a vife—
La plus jolie I ever see in all my life.
Zat genteel man he say, he tells me, sir,
He have a trust, a pairfect trust—in her!
Trust in hees vife! ma foi! I am so shock!
Ant zen I ask vhat he will take for all ze stock.
But ah! I find he have not spoke ze vay
He ought to spoke to spoke ze vat he say.

"For eet ees soach a fonny langvids, oui!
Not long ago, one evening, coam to me
One ver' good friend, as eet ees getting dark
Ant say, 'Coam, let us go upon ze lark,'
I say 'Eh bien, I go,' for I not like to tell
Zat I not understand him ver' moach well.
A lark? Zat ees a bird, selon Webstaire,
Ze gentilman zat write ze dictionaire;
Boat, ah! I fint I haf not understood.
I fint zis lark ees not a bird moach good.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Eet ees ver' late zat I am get to bed
Ant zen I feel so strange oap in ze head.
I am so bad I not can sleep, ant so
I rise moach early ant I go below;
Ant zere I fint ze hotel-clerk who coam ant say
'Monsieur, you get oap wiz ze lark to-day!'
I say 'Non, non, madame; oh, my poor head!
Eet ees wiz zat bad bird I went to bed!
I not get oap wiz him. You are moach wrong;
I am already wiz zat bird too long.'

"He laugh so moach I seenk his face ees break;
I not know why unless I speak meestake;
Ant so, I will not make ze speak to-night,
For I am timid zat I not speak right."

RIMES TO BE READ.

"THE OTHER ONE WAS BOOTH."

(Suggested by conversations with certain "retired" actors.)

NOW, by the rood, as Hamlet says, it grieves me
sore to say
The stage is not as once it was, when I was wont
to play;
'Tis true Hank Irving, dear old chap, still gives a
decent show,
And Mansfield and Ed Willard really act the best
they know;
'Tis true that Duse and Bernhardt, for we mustn't be
too hard,
Are very fair (for women) though of course they
ought to guard
Against some bad-art tendencies; but as for all the
rest,
There's hardly one, I may say none, who stands the
artist's test.
True artists are a rare, rare breed; there were but
two, forsooth,
In all me time, the stage's prime; and the other one
was Booth.

"Why, Mac—I mean Macready—but we always
called him Mac,
And old Ned Forrest used to say, or so they once
told Jack;

RIMES TO BE READ.

Or, that is, Jack McCullough, that—well, this is what they said; 'There were but two who really knew how Shakespeare should be read.' They didn't mean the younger Kean, or Jack; and so perhaps It caused a little jealousy among the lesser chaps. They said that Larry Barrett was entitled to respect, But as for Tom Salvini, well, his dago dialect Would never do for Shakespeare; so to tell the simple tr' th, There were only two men in it; and the other one was Booth.

"Don't think conceit is in me tongue; 'tis some-
thing I detest;
But I may say that in me day I've figured with the
best.
Why, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too, and Kankakee
as well,
Went fairly wild, nor man, nor child, stirred when
the curtain fell.
The S. R. O. was hung each night; our show was
such a rage
They took the ushers off the floor and ushered
from the stage.
From Buzzard's Bay to San José, from Nawrleans
to Duluth,
Just two stars hit a little bit; and the other one was
Booth.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"I liked Ned Booth, for he was such a royal-hearted fellow,
We never had a jealousy. When he put on Othello
His Iago was much like to mine, likewise his stage
direction;
But what cared Ed. what critics said, since I made
no objection?
Ah, me! That day is past; the play has lost its hon-
ored station;
Who reads aright rage, sorrow, fright, or tragic
desolation?
Aye, who can reach to Hamlet's speech, 'To be or
not to be?'
Or wild Macbeth's cry, 'Never shake thy gory locks
at me!'
Or Lear's appeal: 'O, let me not be mad, sweet
Heavens, not mad!'
Or Shylock's rage: 'I'll have me bond!' Ah, me; it
makes me sad
To think it all, and then recall the drama of me
youth,
When there were two who read lines true; and the
other one was Booth."

RIMES TO BE READ.

GOING HOME TO MOTHER.

I T was fifty years ago, and one day we
Had et our dinner by a big oak tree.
(I often wonder if that tree still stands,
It's green arms beckonin' to tired farm-hands.)
It wa'n't quite time to go to work again,
When one young chap he jumps up quick and
then,—

"I'm a-goin' home to mother, boys," he said,
"Although she doesn't know it, an' perhaps she
thinks I'm dead.
I went away when I was young, y' see,
But now I'm over twenty and I got more sense,"
says he.

"I swear I don't know why I went," he says.
"Somehow,
The very strongest reasons then seem mighty fool-
ish now.
Some thoughtless word I said stirred up the brine;
I s'pose no mother never loved a son much more'n
mine."
He said, "and every least word hurt. What fools we
are
To never learn the careless cut may leave the deep-
est scar!"

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RIMES TO BE READ.

"But now I'm goin' home again," he said.
"I'm like the prodigal and tired of husk instead of
bread.
I'll tell her I was wrong!—and bless her! she was
human.
O, yes, I know; I said 'twas no use talkin' to an
angry woman,
But Lord! a woman might be 'woman' to another,
But to her boy she oughtn't to be anything but
mother.

"An' so I'm goin' home again," he said.
"My shoulder is just achin' for the pressure of her
head.
My lips are fixed to show her what is what,
And these arms will soon convince her how long
and strong they've got.

"You can laugh, boys, if you want," the youngster
said,
His lips a-pressin' tighter and a firmness to his
head,
But there wasn't any laughin'. When you look
deep down a heart
An' see its noblest feelin's, 'tisn't laughter that'll
start.

"But here's for home and mother, boys!" he said,
And he went. God help him! for he found his
mother dead.

RIMES TO BE READ.

She had died—died callin' for him, and her breast
Never knew whose stricken head sunk there to rest.

"I'm a-goin' home to mother," he had said,
But O, the mighty difference when the lovin' lips
are dead;
A coffin is an awful thing for a fellow's last em-
brace,
And your hottest tears can never warm that cold
'nd quiet face.
Crying, ain't I? But that boy was me. That mother
was my own,
And though it's years and years ago, since I was
left alone,
Still, I think of her at midnight, and I dream of her
at noon,
For I'm goin' home to mother pretty soon, now—
pretty soon.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A COURTIN' CALL.

HIM!

HE dressed hisself from top t' toe
T' beat the lates' fash'n.
He gave his boots a extry glow,
His dicky glistered like the snow,
He slicked his hair exactly so.
An' all t' indicate "his pash'n."
He tried his hull three ties afore
He kep' the one on that he wore.

HER!

All afternoon she laid abed
To make her featchurs brighter.
She tried on ev'ry geoun she hed,
She rasped her nails until they bled,
A dozen times she frizzed her head
An' put on stuff to make her whiter,
An' fussed till she'd 'a' cried, she said
But that 'Id make her eyes so red.

* * * * *

THEM!

They sot together in the dark
'Thout a light, excep' their spark,
An' neither could have told er guessed
What way the t'other un was dressed.

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RIMES TO BE READ.

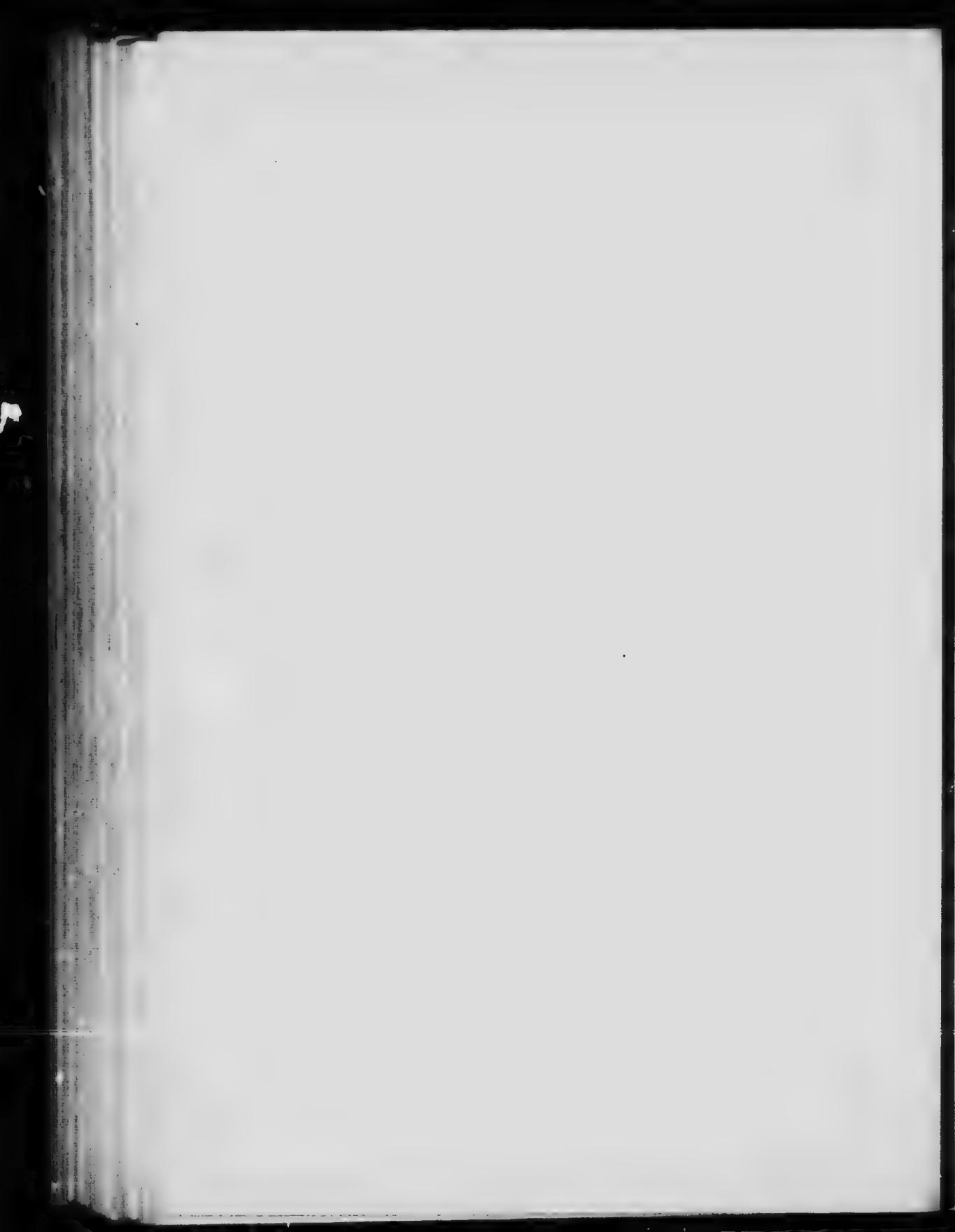
RIP VAN WINKLE.

FONDER of Schnapps and Schneider than of
right,

A shiftless, thriftless, rude, unlettered log
Who wallowed in a slimy, drunken bog;
Well-meaning and ill-acting; appetite
As dry as was his wit; a jolly wight
With follies to exhaust the catalogue;
Weak-willed, good-tempered, sinful and contrite,
Without one element of manly might,
Save that the children loved him—and his dog.

And yet he makes the laughter-laden lip
Turn to a tremble, while the hot tears flow;
Then mock its own emotion by some slip
To sudden mirth, because we love him so;
For human weakness in the rascal, Rip,
Becomes a humane strength in actor Joe.

Home-Made Philosophy.



RIMES TO BE READ.

A MULE OF ARKANSAS.

THOU patient, plodding piece of bone and flesh!
Thou sentient something, tangled in a mesh
Of fatal being! I could weep for thee,
But thou, thou couldst as surely weep for me.

Not knowing why nor whither I am driven,
To me the urging lash is likewise given;
Hitched to this drag of life, I may not falter,
Nor wander past the pull of rein or halter.

Poor thou, poor I! yet, comrade, were we free,
The world might lose the little we may be.
Along this straitened path, perhaps 'tis best,
We may not linger and we dare not rest.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE BEAST AND HIS BURDEN.

FRESH from his valet, breathing forth perfume,
Swathed in the softest product of the loom,
Full-fed and arrogant, the beggar rode
And cursed the laboring beast which he bestrode.
A pleasant beggar he, who asked mere mites,
Such as Possession of the Public Rights,
Franchises, Rights of Way, and title deeds
To profit by our children's children's needs.

Another leaped upon the laboring beast
Which faltered as he felt the load increased.
The beggar burned with wrath, but found relief
To see it was his trusted friend, the thief,
A man to scale a Congress, tie the hands
And gag the tongues, while forcing his demands
For booty and for bounty. Yet so wise
A cracksman he, he puts it in the guise
Of benefit to others, so that we
Snatch off our hats to him and bow the knee.

But now the beast, by some strange impulse fired,
Cried out: "Get off my back, for I am tired.
I want to roll upon the earth. I need
To rest a little and I want more feed."
"Beast!" cried the beggar, striking with his goad,
"We only ride to keep you in the road.
Did we not ride and feed you, you would wander
And starve to death out in the grasses yonder."

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Ass!" cried the thief, "are you too blind to see,
"Tis not your vulgar strength which carries me,
But I support you by this tight-drawn rein?
And I am almost weary of the strain,
So if you hint again you want to stop,
I swear I'll loose the rein and let you drop."
The laboring beast cried out in great alarm
And prayed the thief to keep a steady arm.
And still he keeps his patient, weary stride,
And still the thief and beggar calmly ride.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A PRICELESS PARADISE.

IF some weird gnome should seek my home,
Some genie, fairy, witch,
To blink my eyes with every prize
Of life, and ask me "Which?"
I think I'd choose, in half a trice,
This boon: to never ask the price.

I would not claim a gilded name,
Or be a financier,
Nor would I hold the wide world's gold;
And yet I somewhat fear
I'd ask a just sufficient slice
That I might never ask the price.

A coat-of-arms has meager charms
To men of modern views,
Yet were it mine to make design,
I know which one I'd choose:
An open purse, with this device,
"He never, never asks the price."

Is Heaven a state, a place, a fête,
A rapture, or a rest?
The question's old and each may hold
His own opinion best;
But my idea of Paradise
Is where one need not ask the price!

RIMES TO BE READ.

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG.

GRANDMOTHER'S voice was always mild,
And at everyday troubles she always smiled;
For she used to say
Frowns didn't pay,

As she had learned when the merest child.
So whenever we cried for a fancied wrong,
Grandmother used to sing this song:

"To-day, to-day,
Let's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what's not yet;
For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

Ah me! 'tis many a lonesome year
Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;
And I sigh my sigh
For the days gone by,

For you went with them, grandmother dear.
But I still have left your quaint old song,
And I shall sing it and pass along:

"To-day, to-day,
Let's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what's not yet;
For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE DEAR LITTLE FOOL.

E ACH man is a master in a school—
Heigh ho, my deary!
Where he trains himself to be a fool—
Folly is so cheery.
And he trains him well and he trains him long,
He trains him true and he trains him strong;
And this is the burden of my song—
Wit and wisdom weary.

The man finds out that he's a fool—
Heigh ho, my deary!
And puts himself on the dunce's stool—
Folly grows a-weary.
And he says to himself, "You beast, you worm!
You're the biggest fool I've had this term."
And he laughs to see the poor fool squirm—
Wisdom is so cheery.

He sets down many a sapient rule—
Heigh ho, my deary!
For the future course of the wretched fool—
Folly is so weary.
And the poor little fool, he says: "Ah, me!
That I was a fool I plainly see,
But never again such a fool I'll be!"—
Wisdom is so cheery.

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RIMES TO BE READ.

The man and the fool they live along—
Heigh ho, my deary!
Till the man is weak and the fool is strong—
Folly is so cheery.
And the little fool says: "Oh, master dear,
This never is long, and the world is drear!
Let me loose! let me loose, and have no fear!"
Wit and wisdom weary.

The dear little fool, he has his way—
Folly is so cheery!
The good man laughs that the fool is gay—
Wit and wisdom weary;
Till he finds that the fool is really he,
And the stronger the fool the worse when free,
And again he groans, "Ah, woe is me!"—
Heigh ho, my deary!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE MINOR ROLE.

OFT have you seen a star upon the stage
Uttering his transports of despair or rage,
Until the whole house wondered at his skill
And thundered plaudits with a hearty will.
But did you note that other player there
Who watched the leading actor's mock despair,
Who had no line to speak, or work to do,
Yet who was there to make the background true;
Whose every thought must aid (as each might mar)
The bright effulgence of the flaming star?
And did you stop to think his thankless part
Of doing nothing took the greater art?

'Tis so in life. We oftentimes admire
The man whom nothing seems to daunt or tire,
Whose energies are like battalions hurled
Against his foe (and audience!) the world.
You hardly note that other actor there,
That woman of his household—and his care,
Who can do nothing more, nor would do less,
Than live the background of his life's success—
A waiting, watching, suffering, silent soul,
Without the outlet of a leading role.
And sure am I her patient, minor part,
Doomed to do nothing, takes the greater heart.

RIMES TO BE READ.

PANACEA.

IT'S no great oddity
That one commodity
Has such demand
Throughout the land.
You know what it is, I think. Ah yes,
It is nothing more and nothing less
Than a double X brand of happiness.

Now think what a place this world would be,
What a jolly old place for you and me,
What a wonderful place if you and I
Would only try
To meet the demand with a certain supply.
Consider, my son,
How easily done,
To make one happy, only one;
A father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Or if they be supplied, why then some other.

And, my daughter, see
How well 'twould be.
Why, the thing is as plain as A B C!
If each of us were engaged in keeping
One happy soul from dawn to sleeping,

RIMES TO BE READ.

If each of us were busy in making
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking.
What a happy old place this world would be,
What a jolly old place for you and me!

And if every one else then did the same,
Why wouldn't it be the cleverest game?
But, pray, don't try
To oversupply
Somebody already floating high.
'Tis the sinking wretch we need to save,
And not the one on the topmost wave.
And remember, too,
This much—that you
And I will profit by what we do.
'Tis a curious fact, but past all doubt,
That the more of happiness one gives out
The more he has left and the more his powers.
As the gardener strips a bed of flowers
That more shall bloom, so strip your soul
That another's happiness be made whole.
And lo! in the quick-winged second after,
'Tis filled with the blooms of love and laughter.

RIMES TO BE READ.

BUT O, BOYS, KNOW, BOYS.

THERE'S a certain sort of pleasure in a mingling with the boys,
In keeping up your end of it and adding to the noise

With

"Fill the cup

And lift it up

To every gallant soul of us.
Drink! drink, my men, and come again! the devil
guards the whole of us!"

There's a pleasing palpitation to the liquid of the jug,

As it mingles with the music of the clinking of the mugs;

There's a pretty, pleasing popping,
When the bottles are unstopping,
And a fizzy fascination carries folly to its height.

But O, boys,

Know, boys—

That folly has its flight,
And a greater fascination
Is a healthy, clean sensation
That your brain is still in session and your eye is
clear and bright,
When the time comes for waking in the morning.

RIMES TO BE READ.

There's a certain sort of pleasure in the gayety of
girls,
In the pat of pretty fingers, in the brush of beauty's
curls,

With

"Here's a glass

To any lass

Who offers tempting lips to us!
The night is kind, the world is blind, so who can
debit slips to us?"

There's a certain fascination in the giddiness of
guile,

There's a certain strange temptation in the wicked-
ness of wile,

When the wicked wit is dashing
And the wicked smiles are flashing,

So if all the world be wicked, is our wickedness
amiss?

But O, boys,

Know, boys—

There comes an end to this
And a higher fascination,
And a wholermer sensation,
Is to realize your lips are clean and worthy of the
kiss

Of a sweetheart, wife, or mother in the morning.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A HITCH BEHIND.

SEE them there boys a-crawlin'
Up that long hill and haulin'
Their sleds? A-slippin', fallin',
A-puffin', laughin', bawlin'?
And see those others shootin' down the slope
Slicker than greased eels in a barrel o' soap?
And down upon the level there, you'll find
A batch of fellers of a different kind,
Jest nacherally waitin' fer a hitch behind.

Crawlin' up h ' is work. An' you soon learn
That all you gic fer work you more than earn.
O' course sometimes one of the strongest chaps
May have the easiest sled to pull, perhaps.
An' then, again, you'll see some heavy bob
Behind a kid too little fer the job,
But still he plugs ahead, not bein' the kind
To stand 'round waitin' fer a hitch behind.

An' slidin' down is spendin'. Once your sled
Gits on the slope and finds it has its head,
There ain't no use a-diggin' in your toes.
A sled was made to go an' blame! She goes.
Same way with money, 'ceptin' it's the kind
That gits its motion from a hitch behind.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Fer hitch-behinders are two sorts. Some's so all-fired

Lazy they won't climb. They'll be too tired
To chase the hitches up when hitches come,
'Ceptin' they're ice-wagons. Then there's some
That let the workin'-wagons go, and hitch
Onto the double-bob "The Public," which
Is drawed by two old plugs called You and Me,
And drove by Uncle Sammy. Some day, he
May git a cure fer bein' deaf and blind
And swing his black-snake at them kids behind.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A WATCHWORD.

WHEN you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 't is fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 't is to lose it
Just the time you want to use it!

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to puzzle you, and to lurk
In your study or your work.
Here 's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavor
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor,

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RIMES TO BE READ.

For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I 'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard,—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behavior growing worksome,—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it 's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to fight.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE REFORMER.

I KNOW a philosopher, learned and read,
Who, in viewing the world, seems to stand on
his head,
He pities the poor and goes in for reform,
Convinced he can keep the world comfy and warm,
If he keeps the thermometer out of the storm.

Having heard how the ostrich has cleverly planned
To hide by concealing his head in the sand,
He holds that a scheme would be valid and wise
To protect it forever from hunt and surprise
By catching the ostrich and searing its eyes.

He marvels that men should so bargain and dicker
To be governed at last by an imbecile ticker,
So he has invented one, run by a clock;
Set fast, it will "boost," or set slow, it will "knock,"
And thus you can bull or can bear any stock.

In elections he claims that the office should go
Not to him with the high vote, but him with the
low.

To be voted unpopular surely is tough,
So the office should go to console the rebuff,
While the man who succeeds is rewarded enough.

He holds that a criminal ought to do time
Before, and not after, committing the crime.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Plain drunk" would be given a month to be fitted;
Ten years and a burglary might be permitted;
While murderers first would be hung, then ac-
quitted.

You laugh at this mortal? I laugh at him, too;
He reminds me so much of myself—and of you.
Oh, I'm sure the world's sick and it needs a phy-
sician,
But if I be the doctor to fill the position,
The fee curing me cures the patient's condition!

RIMES TO BE READ.

"HONOR."

A PACK of dogs were sunning and napping,
Well-fed, satisfied, glad dogs;
Suddenly, up sprang, snarling and snapping,
Ill-bred, villified, mad dogs.
Some one had flung them a musty bone,
And the chorus cried, "It is mine; my own."
" "Tis mine, I claim, for I saw it first."
" "Tis mine, say I, for I need it worst."
Quarreling and snarling, they leaped to fight,
Yowling and growling, their teeth snapped tight,
Till each had lost of his quivering flesh
More meat than the bone had held when fresh!
They rolled themselves in the muck and mud;
They lost their bone and they lost their blood.
But on they fought, for, be it known,
It is doggish honor to fight for a bone.

A goose flew into a neighbor's yard
And left an egg as a calling card.
"The egg is mine, for my goose made it."
" "Tis mine, for on my land she laid it."
A look, a word, a threat, a wrangle,
A suit at law, a legal tangle,
Decision, dissent, appeal, reversal,
A re-appeal and a re-rehearsal,
The egg grew stale, the case grew rotten,
The goose was dead and long forgotten,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But still the antagonists litigated,
While the lawyers smiled and the judges prated,
Though all their driest lore, or juiciest,
Could not decide which goose was goosiest.
Yet still they fought, for, be it known,
'Tis a point of honor to "guard one's own."

The Powers of the Earth discussing whether
They might not eternally dwell together
With peace, good humor and good digestion,
Were suddenly stirred by a grievous question.
An egg, or a bone, produced the foment,
Or, anyway, something of equal moment.
"Tut! the question is one of the merest trifles.
(We'll rush our order for newer rifles.")
"Dear cousin of ours, we are more than brothers,
(Have you noticed our navy? There are no
others.)"
"Good friend, our affection is deep and holy.
(Do you think these guns are ornaments solely?)"
O, dogs will be dogs when they come to a bone,
And men may be geese, as a goose has shown,
And it's national "honor" to go to war
Over something that isn't worth fighting for!

RIMES TO BE READ.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

DEAR Mother Earth, full oft I long
To sing thy praises in a song;
I ache to lay me down to rest
Somewhere upon thy yielding breast,
To turn my pavement-wearied feet
Beyond the seeming endless street,
And seek some dimpled country place,
Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace;
Then kiss thee, prone upon my face,
Dear Mother Earth!

Like old Antaeus long ago,
Whose strength surged up from earth below,
I feel there is a peace in thee,
Which thou dost whisper unto me,
When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek.
Thou art so strong and I so weak;
And some time there shall come a day
When tender, trembling hands shall lay
Me deep, to mingle with thy clay,
Dear Mother Earth!

Thy gift to me shall come to thee,
And as thou art, so shall I be.
I owe thee all, and so must try
To make thee better ere I die;
And as we twain are one, I see
To better self may better thee.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And so I rise from thy embrace
Revived, and with a hopeful grace,
Thus having met thee face to face,
Dear Mother Earth!

Various Verses.



RIMES TO BE READ.

DOMESTICATED GENIUS.

I AM not up on artist's gush;
I can't "improve the rose's flush,"
Nor yet "so paint the woodland thrush
That one may hear it sing;"
But let me own without a blush,
I swing a very pretty brush
On window screens in spring.

I own I've no desire to meet
A foreign foe, in field, or fleet;
I'm free to say I might retreat,
If I were left on guard;
Yet many a man might find defeat,
If matched against me, as I beat
The rugs in our back yard.

I seldom seek a grassy ground
And seize a shinny-stick to pound
A marble from a little mound
In token of my power;
Far greater glory I have found,
For I can push the mower 'round
Our lawn in just one hour.

I'm not familiar with the gear
Of touring cars. I could not steer
The catapult on its career

RIMES TO BE READ.

And dodge the rut and rock;
But you would own I've scarce a peer,
If you should see me engineer
The go-cart 'round the block.

I'm not of those who "fought and bled;"
My fame has never widely spread;
My qualities of heart and head
Are very often doubted;
But o'er my bones let this be said—
That I've fixed up an onion bed,
And, Heaven be praised! it's sprouted.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

(A Modern Interpretation.)

SAGITTARIUS. Otherwise
Cupid, in a thin disguise.

Virgo, the maiden. She and I
Trot to altar. Happy? My!

Libra. First designs of Fate;
Grocer fails to give full weight.

Taurus. Increased dangers lurk.
Beef trust now begins to work.

Aries. Fails to bring relief;
Mutton follows price of beef.

Pisces. Fish trust. Itching fin.
Finds my pocket. Thrusts it in.

Aquarius. Water turned to ice
Stiffens. Also does the price.

Scorpio. Hot stuff. That means coal;
What! up higher? Bless my soul!

Leo. Though I make a roar,
Things go up a little more.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Capricornus. Try to buck
Tiger. Cleaned out. Wretched luck.

Gemini. Anxious hours on pins;
Nurse comes in and—Heavens, twins!

Cancer the crab. What's crab? O, yes,
Meaning a lobste.—me, I guess.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

(As It Too Often Is At Present.)

DEEP in the heart of every man the love of
country lies;
He breathes it with his baby breath; it lingers till he
dies.
So I love the land we live in, every tittle, every jot,
With a preferential feel for a Broadway corner
lot.

I love the boundless country, with its harvest, and
I sigh
To manipulate a corner of the visible supply.
I love the lofty mountains, and I feel my heart will
burst,
Knowing I might own their treasure, had I only
found it first.

And not alone our country and its greatness I
revere,
But I hold the very emblems of its privileges dear.
Methinks the goddess Liberty would touch a heart
of flint,
So beautifully stamped upon the product of the
mint!

RIMES TO BE READ.

And I linger o'er the Latin graven on the coin's
reverse,
Wishing that I had a "pluribus" of "unums" in my
purse.

I love the spreading eagle with the lightning in its
clutch,
And I love the double eagle just precisely twice as
much!

Then the patriots and the sages—that long and no-
ble line—

I would that a collection of their likenesses were
mine!

I love the Grant and Lincoln on the crisp or crum-
pled "one,"
And on the "two" I cherish the immortal Wash-
ington.

I love the Franklin on the "ten," the Garfield on
the "five,"

And I love the noble red man better there than if
alive.

The hero on the "twenty," too, is strangely dear to
me,
But who he is, alas! I seldom have a chance to
see.

Yes, I honor all the heroes who are turned to com-
mon clay,
And my soul is filled with gratitude—I'm not as
dead as they.

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

Yet while they lived they nobly launched our glorious Ship of State;
And I wish I had the contract to supply her armor-plate.

"In God we trust" they placed upon our coinage,
which is why
In man we will not trust unless he has a good supply.
From bonds of foreign tyranny they bravely set us free,
And bonds of Uncle Sam are good enough for you and me.

RIMES TO BE READ.

AT A RAILROAD JUNCTION.

LO! HERE am I at Junction Town,
At slow and woful Junction Town,
Where devils laugh and angels frown
To see a traveler set down;
Where trains run only with a view
To help a restaurant or two;
Where rusty rails and barren boards
Are all the point of view affords.
But O, the barren board of all
Is that within that eating-stall!
Yes, stall, I said, and well deserved
The name! where beastly feed is served.
And so I say without compunction
My curses on this Railroad Junction.

What shall I do at Junction Town?
At drear and weary Junction Town?
The martyr's cross without the crown
Awaits the stranger here set down.
O, one may wait and wait and wait,
Or one may rail against his fate,
Or eyes and ears may strain and strain,
As later, later grows the train,
The while the lagging minutes mock
His witless watching of the clock;
Or one may watch the station clerk
Performing his relentless work.

RIMES TO BE READ.

O, wretched man, of wretched function,
Existing at this Railroad Junction!

God's pity on this Junction Town,
This dead and dreadful Junction Town!
O, what nepenthe-well can drown
The cares of travelers here set down.
The thought may give some passing cheer
One may escape within a year,
Or else the sentence be commuted
And only death be executed!
And if 't be so, I only pray
There be no Resurrection Day,
For think of Gabriel coming down
And finding one at Junction Town!
And so I say, with fervent unction,
God's pity on this Railroad Junction!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE WOMAN WITH THE POT O' PAINT

NOW rises up the woman with a purpose in her face
And "touches up" the various belongings of the place.
A red is on her shoulder where she slid her sleeve on high,
A yellow on her temple where she tried to wipe her eye;
The baby's face is waffled where it went against the screen,
And papa's Sunday trousers have a seat of vivid green,
But the woman with the pot o' paint, unconscious of her blame,
Still "touches up" the various belongings just the same.

Not hers the languid landscape, or monotonous marine,
Not hers the china set bedaubed with giddy gold and green,
Not hers the "chrome" and "lake" from out a tube of squeezey lead,
Upon a palette daubed and with a mouse's whisker spread.
Nay, nay, the can of color of an honest primal hue,
And hers, the brush as spreading as a horse's tail or two;

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then pick her out a lonesome day and let her have
full swing,
And the woman with the paint-pot is the terror of
the spring.

O, Raphael was rapid and his genius was intense,
But he couldn't put more paint than could the
woman on a fence,
And cunning was the coloring of Titian and his
brush,
But the colors of the woman would have put him to
the blush.
Michael Angelo was noted for his daring, it is said,
But did he ever dare to paint a china door-knob red?
Bonheur could paint a powerful horse or gentle-
manly cow,
But you ought to see the painted cat that's living
with us now!

RIMES TO BE READ.

BLACK AND TAN.

MISS Barbara Black, a waxen blond,
Bemoans her visage, pale and wan ned,
And strives by every plan
To compass her supreme desire,
Seen in her struggles to acquire
A coat of richest tan.

Miss Lily White, a "bright brunette,"
Disdains her locks of curly jet
And African descent.
True happiness she may not reach,
Because her hue will never bleach,
Say ninety-five per cent.

Now, if some scientific crack
Could bleach Miss White and tan Miss Black,
His fame would surely shine.
But, oh! suppose the learned man
Should equalize their black and tan
And lose the color line!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE SUPERIOR VIEW.

YES, Plato's works were good, for he was clever
in a way,
But they're hardly ever in the "six best sellers" of
to-day:
And Shakespeare had a certain popularity, no doubt,
But he hasn't published lately and I guess he's
written out;
And as for Homer, really, don't you think he was a
sham?
Why, it's doubtful if he ever even wrote a telegram.

Yes, Alexander's armies showed a certain sort of
skill,
But his knowledge of artillery was pretty nearly nil.
Napoleon rode roughly over half a hemisphere,
But he never rode an auto in all of his career;
And Caesar was courageous in vicissitudes of war,
But he never had the fortitude to jump a trolley-
car.

Yes, Paganini knew the way to swing a fiddle bow,
But could he swing the voters of his precinct, do
you know?
And Raphael could color with a very pretty touch,
But his drawings never figured in the papers very
much,

RIMES TO BE READ.

And Phidias could build a Parthenon in stately
style,
But I'd rather have my money in a modern office
pile.

Yes, Moses was a clever organizer for his date,
But he never tried to organize a steamship syndi-
cate;
And Socrates' philosophy has been esteemed sub-
lime,
But he never asked for numbers that were "busy"
all the time;
And as for Father Adam, why, whatever Eve would
bake,
He never dared to hint of things his mother used
to make!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

HE stands outside my window in the street,
A humble minstrel of a dozen lays,
A memory of simpler, happier days.
Dear "Home, Sweet Home," and faithless "Mar-
guerite,"
I did not know their music was so sweet;
The "Washerwoman" and the "Marseillaise,"
I know not which should have my highest praise,
Their very crudeness makes them so complete.

'Weary of Wagner and his turgid notes,
Of florid Verdi's acrobatic throats,
I revel in this arm-delivered air,
Which whips a score of years from out my sight,
Refills me with a bubbling boy's delight,
And leaves me scant of pennies and of care.

RIMES TO BE READ.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

"**W**EVE met the enemy and they are ours;
Two ships, two brigs, one schooner
and one sloop."

His words charge down the years—a warlike group,
Grim, gallant, glorious! All the flowers
Matured by summer suns and autumn showers
We use to deck the memory of that group,
Born of the times when banners rise or droop
In the harsh conflict of contending powers.

But look thou, Perry! gallant man and true!
See'st thou that smoke of commerce, not of war?
Rejoice with us that now no battles mar,
And now there is no work for thee to do;
No lookout's eye sights carnage from afar;
No dismal red is mixed with Erie's blue.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE.

NOW every thing that Russell did, he did his best
to hasten
And one day he decided that he'd like to be a
Mason.
But nothing else would suit him and nothing less
would please,
But he must take and all at once the thirty-three
degrees!

Well, he rode the—oh, that is, he—really I can't
tell.
You either mustn't know at all, or else know very
well.
He dived into—well, never mind. It only need be
said
That somewhere in the last degree, poor Russell
dropped down dead!

They arrested all the Masons and they stayed in
durance vile.
Till the jury found them "Guilty" when the judge
said with a smile,
"I'm forced to let the prisoners go, for I can find,"
said he,
"No penalty for murder in the thirty-third degree."

RIMES TO BE READ.

O T T O A N D T H E A U T O.

'T IS strange how fashion makes us change the
objects we admire;
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the
steedless tire.
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,
But the thing was autocratic, as well as automatic.
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to
speak.

He thought to hire an auto-operator for the work,
And first he hired a circus-man and then he hired a
Turk,
For he knew the circus-man drove fifty horses with
success,
And if a man be shifty enough to manage fifty,
'Tis palpable enough he ought to manage one
horse-less!

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can
He ought to run an auto, for a Turk's an Ottomar.
'Twas all in vain; so Otto moved to Alabama, purely
That he might say, "I'm Otto from Mobile, and my
motto:
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an automobile
surely!'"

RIMES TO BE READ.

So Otto sought to auto on the auto . he ought to,
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought

so,
Ther Otto is get hot, oh, very hot! as he ought
so,

And Otto said This auto ought to auto and it's

a Otto soul the auto and the auto it fought
Otto,

the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to,
i ther Great Scott! that auto shot to heaven—
so did Otto—

Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought
to.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LENTEN PENITENCE.

(A la Mode.)

IN sack-cloth and ashes my lady prepares
To repent of her sins and to murmur her
prayers.

She is fond of her prayers, so her coples are bound
In harmony with her, however she's gowned,
For she holds her Creator should never be faced
Except in mauve prayers with a lavender waist.

In sack-cloth and ashes she ponders afresh
On methods of penance to punish the flesh;
And what though she choose, for her piety's sake,
The vicarious flesh of a porterhouse steak?
"O Lord, be Thou merciful unto a sinner"
Who has fasted for hours and is faint for her dinner.

In sack-cloth and ashes, but if she prefer
That her sacque should be seal, should there be a
demur?
Prophet John wore a skin (and our climate is
colder)
Which draped from the loins, as hers drapes from
the shoulder.
And as for the ashes, well, they may be met
Where they dusted the fur from her last cigaret!

RIMES TO BE READ.

COMEDY OR TRAGEDY?

(The Coquette, loquitur.)

I SAY I do not love you. I am gay
And with my laughter waft your vows away.
For you, you say you love me, smile and sigh,
And fire me with the fervor of your eye.
Ah me, the pity of our mimic play!
If only either of us did not lie!

RIMES TO BE READ.

MY LOVER SAYS.

HE says I should not give a glance
To other men
But 'tis no gift, for, by some chance,
I'm sure to get one back again—
Or two, or ten;
Besides, I only look to see
If any of them look at me.

He says I ought to see as through
My lover's eyes;
But I reply that so I do,
For where he looks there I look too;
For I am wise,
And know that he must look—to see
If any of them look at me!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NOT A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.

NO, I am not superstitious.
I consider it pernicious,
If not absolutely vicious
 In a man
To admit himself so small that he must scan
Every little sign and omen
As the menace of a foeman.
Still, I'm free to say that Friday
Never, never would be my day
For a venture, for I'm sure 'twould never hit,
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Really, I've no toleration
Of that nervous hesitation
And that irksome perturbation
 Which I've seen,
When a dinner-party chanced to be thirteen.
Why, I've seen that arrant folly
Make a whole crowd melancholy,
With their whining and their flimsy,
Foolish reasons for the whimsy.
Still, I own I hate to be the last to sit.
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Certain things may be propitious,
Though they seem but adventitious,
And it's hardly superstitious
 To perceive
Which is which, and so, accordingly, believe.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Now there's nothing makes me sadder
Than to walk beneath a ladder;
But I grow a good deal bolder
When the moon is at my shoulder.
And to spill the salt! It takes away my grit,
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Surely nothing can be clearer
Than that evil marches nearer
At the breaking of a mirror,
And it's true

That a howling dog in night-time makes me blue,
For his keen scent makes no errors
And he smells the King of Terrors.
Here's another thing. Take heed, sir,
If your nose should start to bleed, sir,
And should only bleed three drops and then should
quit!

Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

It is odd to see what uses
Some folks make of vain excuses
Rather than admit abuses

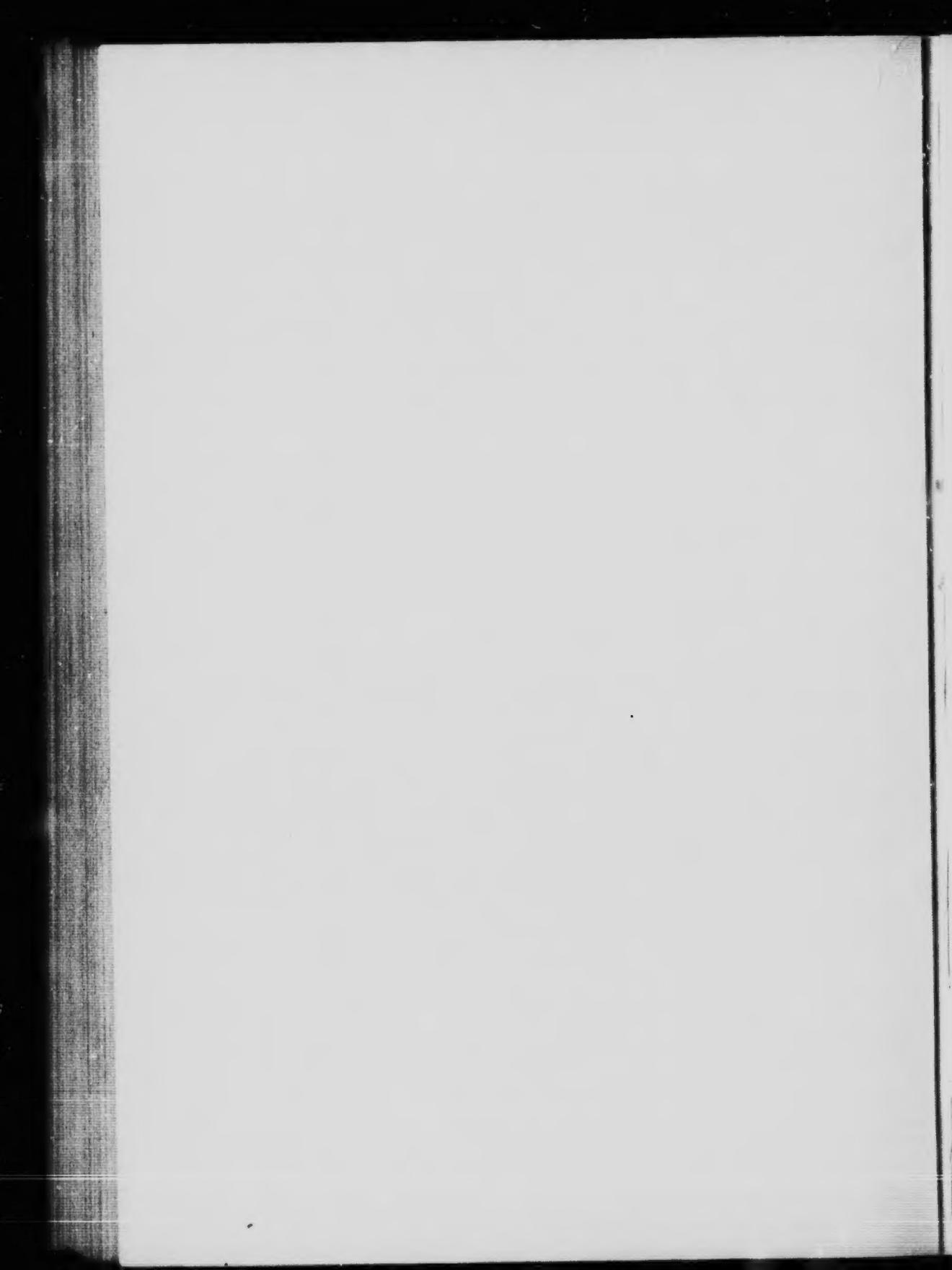
 Of the mind,
When they're rather superstitiously inclined.
Just to put it in plain English;
It would seem they can't distinguish
Between false and foolish cases
And the few which have a basis
In experience, which even I admit,
Though I am not superstitious, not a whit!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE ARMIES OF THE CORN.

RANK upon rank they stood, and row on row;
Plumed, tasseled, uniformed in green,
With rations in their knapsacked husks between
The myriad blades they brandished at the foe.

Long held the brave brigades and would not yield
Till shattered by the destiny of War.
Then (gallant tribute from the conqueror!)
They stacked their arms and tented on the field.



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